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CHAPTER IV.

A HOLY GIRLHOOD.

NO sooner had the grace of the Divine calling to a more perfect state of life taken possession of Mary's heart than she set herself in good earnest faithfully to respond to it, seeking whatever appeared to her helpful to virtue and holiness, and casting aside every hindrance to their growth in her soul. With regard to exterior things, it has been said of her that she turned her cousin's house into a convent, as far as her own way of life was concerned. The pious practices established in the household must have been very serviceable to her here, and, in addition, she herself, from the age of fifteen, that is, about a year or two before this time, adopted the habit of so apportioning the hours of the day as to make them as much as possible like those of a religious house; and to this division of her time she steadily adhered. In her own account of the present period she says that a book had reached her called *Rules of a Christian Life*, in which she found that she could arrange the days of the week for the exercise of a certain virtue for each of them, and also that she could set apart each room to the honour, and place it under the protection, of some particular saint. But besides this we read that, "every room in the house was dedicated to a several devotion and notes to herself to gain and keep the presence of God. [She used such great diligence to acquire the remembrance of it.]" She retained this arrangement so well in her memory, that, when many years afterwards she visited the house again, it was like an earthly paradise to her, every step and turn reminding her of some especial devotion, formerly practised there; and the remembrance of these spiritual joys of her youth so occupied her, that both her intended

¹ Fr. V. of Winefrid Wigmore's manuscript.

business and the relations she came to see were forgotten in recalling them.

Our manuscript continues: "She was wont also to spend much time in reading the lives of saints, particularly martyrs, which so inflamed her well-prepared heart as nothing could satisfy her but a living or dying martyrdom; [whence her heart, filled with heavenly fervour, was ardently enkindled with the fire of Divine love, so that the thoughts which formed her greatest delight were those of some kind of martyrdom.²] In some of these fervours she would needs make a general confession." In her Italian life, Mary says herself, that the warm desire for martyrdom was the cause of her first general confession, as she judged that nothing could be so great a hindrance to the rich reward of such a death as sin; she therefore desired to put it entirely away. Elsewhere she says that she had read in some spiritual book, that it is a thing very pleasing to God and profitable to men to look back, when still in health, upon their past life by a general confession. The two reasons together determined her to make one. During the course of her preparation, the fear of sin and of offending Almighty God increased in her very greatly. In her childhood, on account of the disturbed state of the times, confessors were seldom to be had, and therefore she had no one to direct her, and now that she began closely to scrutinize all her doings she suffered great distress of mind; the very name or shadow of a sin made her tremble, lest anything should insinuate itself by which she should displease God and become unworthy of a closer union with Him. She also says, that her desire to practise all virtues perfectly was so great that it became a source of scruple and perplexity of conscience. These fervent desires after perfection were not however unaccepted by Almighty God, and she was not left long without guidance, "the Divine Providence disposing that she should light on a discreet confessor, who finding her at that time inclining to scrupulosity, would not permit her, but gave her that little but excellent book, *The Spiritual Conflict* [*Combat*]³, and bid her read and practise that little book in place of her general confession, which this divine scholar so punctually performed as she made it the foundation of her whole spiritual life, and had it by heart, as to the very last hour of her life she could tell without looking on the book the substance of every chapter."

² Fr. V.³ Fr. V.

Another of Mary's early biographers says that her usual confessor had gone at this time on business to Rome, and that the priest who gave her this book was a very holy man, of great experience and high reputation in spiritual matters. The name of the book suggests the question whether this might have been her first introduction to Father John Gerard. He resided much during the time of which we are speaking with Mrs. Vaux at Harrowden, Northamptonshire, and he says in his life that he "had several excellent horses there for missionary journeys," and that he "frequently made excursions" thence. He was the first translator of Scupoli's *Spiritual Combat* into English,⁴ which was printed afterwards in London and at Rouen, 1613. Mary must have been scholar enough to have read it in the original Italian at this time, unless a manuscript copy of the translation was put into her hands. The profit which she soon derived from the study of this work is manifest, by the following resolutions which she made: "Almighty God is not served by disquiet, but has a far greater pleasure in a cheerful joyous zeal; besides, all virtue is well-ordered and enlarges the heart, and makes it light, rather than heavy and narrow. I must strive diligently after this. But because I cannot always do what I gladly would, I must not be disturbed, but submit myself peacefully to God's will, and humble myself in the knowledge of my weakness." "An excellent example," says Mary's early German biographer, "for the scrupulous, who desire commonly to do more than any one can do, and there is usually confession upon confession, and not seldom confession of more than is in the thing itself. If such are self-willed and indocile, they mercilessly torment themselves and their confessor, and pass the best time of their life, when they could do good, in an idle chase after 'gnats,' not unlike the Emperor Domitian, who shot away his golden arrows and lance at flies. I know not whether one ought most to laugh or cry over them."

When Mary's ordinary confessor returned from Rome, he allowed her to make the wished-for confession, and she took from the feast of St. Thomas the Apostle before Christmas until Holy Saturday to prepare for it. "In reading Mary Ward's writings," says one of her early biographers, "we always find that she speaks of herself as a great sinner, that she desires unceasingly

⁴ Dr. Oliver's *Collectanea*. Scupoli's work was not printed in Italian until after his death in 1610.

to atone for her past sins, and that her confessions were never ending. But it is probable that she never lost her baptismal grace, for it is certain that in the general confession which she made about the thirtieth year of her age, and wrote down at the desire of her confessor, there is scarcely to be found what can be called a voluntary, deliberate, venial sin, much less a mortal sin. That in her youth she ate meat on a fast day, or ate one or two more pieces of bread than she believed were necessary, or had eaten for her pleasure what was not wholesome, that about twenty times she had remained with her companions instead of going to bed at the appointed time, that she disliked the man who asked her in marriage—these were about the greatest sins which she had committed in her early years, and such little, trifling sins she afterwards confessed a thousand times." From the date of her first general confession she practised good works with much greater diligence, praying much, keeping many fast days, and using some penitential exercises, her aim in all being to prepare herself for that religious order (though which it should be she did not know) in which the severest kind of life was led, and which, being the most separated from the world, was the most closely united to God.

We are told of Mary's personal appearance during these years, that she was very beautiful, and that the modesty and reserve of her demeanour were as great as her beauty. The holiness of her life was well known, yet at the same time her sweetness and affability drew all hearts to her. Winefrid Wigmore says, "She was much loved by a kinsman of hers, Sir William Ingleby⁵ of Ripley, whither he often invited her, and where she gave such excellent example, as old servants of that house keep things given them by her as holy. A gentleman who had an ivory image given him by a dependant of Sir William Ingleby, told myself this particular. Much more of this nature might be said of the particular veneration she was in, even to our first coming into the north, especially by the Mallorys, Inglebys, Plumptions, and Middeltons." These families were all related in various ways to Mary Ward. But the Yorkshire Catholics seem to have been at this period like one great family; for, already united by innumerable inter-

⁵ The ancestor of the present Sir Henry Ingilby of Ripley Castle. The lodge and tower only remain of the old building, erected, as is seen from a date carved in the latter, in 1555.

marriages, which connected them one with the other from generation to generation, the common bond of suffering in the holy cause, which so many of them nobly defended, must doubly have strengthened the tie which bound them together. The Mallorys we have already heard of. Of the Plumpton, besides other previous intermarriages, Sir Edward Plumpton had married Frances Arthington, the daughter of the relative with whom Mary had lived when her parents fled to Northumberland. The Middeltons,⁶ a very ancient family, were equally connected with her in more than one generation, a connection to which another link was added during her own life-time by the marriage of Sir Peter Middelton of Middelton to the daughter of David Ingleby and Lady Anne Neville. The Inglebys were related to her through the Mallorys as well as through other sources, Sir William Ingleby, the father of Sir William mentioned above, having married Anne, daughter of Sir William Mallory. The Babthorpes being also doubly related to the Inglebys, the intercourse must have been frequent between the families during Mary's residence with the former, and she probably associated with them as much as when with her grandmother or with Mrs. Arthington.

To return to Mary's seventeenth year. The desire for martyrdom, which had taken such a deep hold on her, and which was for four years the passion of her soul, influencing and governing her whole interior life, if it first arose from reading the lives of saints, must have had plenty of food in the occurrences of her every-day life, and even in the conversation which went on around her concerning events then actually passing in Yorkshire. Among her own relatives there were, as we have seen, numerous confessors for the faith, who were continually being called upon to give fresh proofs of their devotion; and besides this, not a visit to Ripley but must have recalled to her not only her martyred kinsman, the priest, Francis Ingleby, brother of Sir William, but also one of the greatest martyrs of those days, Margaret Clitherow, who had heroically suffered for having harboured him, the year after Mary was born. Of the first of these two, Bishop Challoner⁷ says, that he was "sent on the English Mission in 1584, and that he laboured with great fruit in the northern part of this kingdom, and was tried and

⁶ The ancestors of the present family of Middeltons of Stockeld and Middelton, also of that of Lord Herries of Maxwell.

⁷ *Missionary Priests*, part i. p. 122.

condemned, barely for being a priest, in 1586." He was executed at York, three months after Margaret Clitherow. Among the many other sufferers also of the period, whose courage and love of God had set her own heart on fire, there were two priests, Edward Thwing and Robert Middleton, who had lately given up their lives at Lancaster in 1600 and 1601, when Mary was fifteen or sixteen, both more or less connected with her family. With love so ardent and a character such as hers, full of devotion to the Catholic faith, the few words found in her Italian autobiography, describing her state of mind at this time, will not excite surprise: "The sufferings of the martyrs I accounted sweet and delightful, because they arrived through them at so great a good, and my favourite thoughts were, how and when I could thus attain to it." We are also told that she longed day and night for the crown of martyrdom, and that she would scarcely hear or know of anything else, but how she could offer up her life to God for the faith, seeking it from Him at the same time by fervent prayers. Almighty God deigned to show that such prayers were not displeasing to Him, by disclosing Himself what it was that He desired of her. By an interior light which was given her, she learned that she was not called to bodily, but to spiritual martyrdom, and this light brought peace and tranquillity of soul to her for some time.

About Mary's nineteenth year, however, a scruple arose in her mind that her desire for martyrdom had decreased in her, through her own fault, accompanied with great interior desolation. She therefore began to pray afresh and to practise severe penances and mortifications with extreme fervour. The fear of her own sins and unthankfulness, mingled with dread that she did not properly obey her good inspirations, took possession of her soul, though she still often hoped for much from the Divine Goodness. After some time passed in this state of distress, Almighty God freed her from her painful struggle by again enlightening her interiorly. On this occasion He caused her clearly to understand, by a strong intellectual impression, that the martyrdom so long desired by her should consist in perfectly keeping the three Evangelical Counsels in the religious state, and she adds: "It pleased Almighty God at that time to moderate the vehemence of these desires, so that, as I considered it, I might rest and follow after my calling to the religious life." The longing for martyrdom, however, never entirely deserted her during her whole life, and resulted in a

fortitude by which she feared neither pains nor death. Thus, as her manuscript biographer continues: "Many graces God did her in those her young years, which after her coming over," to St. Omer, "and speaking of them as ordinary things to men of great learning and spirit, they admired in her the special, solid, and secure guidance she had gained from the Holy Ghost."

CHAPTER V.

MARMADUKE WARD'S PLANS.

HAVING reached her twentieth year, Mary no longer made any secret of her intention of becoming a religious, but allowed it to be clearly seen in all her exterior doings. Both Sir Ralph and Lady Babthorpe, and their youngest daughter Barbara, then a girl of thirteen, became aware of it; and others, observing her devout and almost conventual manner of life, spoke of it even before she did so herself, and prognosticated her speedy departure abroad, as it was impossible to enter a convent in England. No sooner, however, did she herself disclose her determination, than an universal opposition was raised. She was too much loved to be parted with so easily, and every member of the household, even to the servants, had some good reason to urge against it. She says herself that all her friends and relations, as well secular as religious, not one excepted, dissuaded her in every possible way; but all persisted unanimously in this, that she certainly would not be able to endure the severe life of the cloister, and would either return during the novitiate, and be looked down upon with contempt in consequence for her fickleness, or, if she persevered and were professed, she would have few hours of health afterwards, and, becoming a burden to the convent, would die early, and thus have done little service to God. "So," says one of her early biographers, "is it ever, when a favourite child, considered promising by the world, desires the religious state: every friend, companion, and acquaintance knows how to put in his word, from the highest to the lowest—all, even to the coachman and footboy, can sing their little song against religious orders. They are 'a cursed land,' they say, 'a land which devours its inhabitants.' But if, on the contrary, one, ill-favoured and little thought of by the world, seeks to go into some convent, then every one sings a very different little song: they know not how

sufficiently to praise nuns; what a beautiful, pure, pious, and peaceful life they lead; there is nothing they would sooner be than a nun; the religious state then is nothing but 'a land of promise, a land full of sweetest milk and honey.'

Mary had to undergo the first of these experiences in large measure, and though she little regarded all other remonstrances, yet the last and universal cry, that her constitution was too delicate for a cloister, struck home to her. She pondered with fear over her own incapacity and weakness of body, and felt she must not be over-hasty and rash; yet, on the other hand, she knew that where the soul is concerned, too long a delay may become fatal. What was she, then, to do? In this difficulty she resolved to disclose her purpose on the next opportunity to her father, and meanwhile to take her troubles to God, especially the weighty point concerning the weakness of her bodily constitution, and setting before herself as her object, to learn how best the Divine will was to be fulfilled in her, to give herself wholly to prayer, meditation, and the reading of spiritual books. During this time of recollection or retreat which she had organized for herself, she one day came to those words of Christ: "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His justice, and all these things shall be added unto you." As she read them, an unusual and overwhelming emotion took possession of her soul; strength, fortitude, and wisdom appeared to be infused into her, and she felt wholly assured of the Divine assistance, and that it would not fail her, if only she did her part faithfully and perseveringly. So impressed was she with this certainty, that in her after life, when difficulties gathered around her and seemed insurmountable, the remembrance of this Divine promise would arise within and refresh and strengthen her anew.

It is not clear at what period Mary first disclosed her desire of being a nun to her father. Winefrid Wigmore says: "She took opportunity to make known to her dear father her great desires to be religious and to have his permission, but he on no terms would hear of it." She probably spoke of it to him many times, for the manuscript adds afterwards: "But this endeavouring for her father's good will lasted seven years, with her no small toil, anxiety, conflict, prayers, and penances." By the end of that time her desires had grown into a fixed purpose, and the interview with her father, upon which she determined before her retreat, and which is described more at length by another biographer, took place "in the last year of

her conflict," when, as Winefrid Wigmore writes: "that no trial might be wanting, came to her acquaintance a nobleman and a Catholic, in virtues and qualities complete, far out of her thought (which was wholly in God), who sought her in marriage, but so liked and approved by all, as each one vehemently urged her [with weighty reasons to accede to it.]" Every one gave her black looks, says another biographer, regarding her conventual tendencies, and "[it was time (it appeared to her) to effect her design of becoming a religious, and she therefore made it known to her father.]"

It appears to have been at occasional intervals only that Mary had seen Marmaduke Ward since his flight into Northumberland in 1597 or '98. In the year 1604, the Lord President of the North left York in consequence of the plague which broke out there, and held his court at Ripon. It was on this occasion, probably, that Marmaduke's name appears in a public list of recusants¹⁰ which was made there in that year, together with that of his wife, which is wrongly given as Elizabeth. From the absence of the Council from York, the neighbourhood of that city may have become less dangerous, for it must have been in the following year that Marmaduke arrived at Bathorpe to see his daughter. He was already informed by others of her intentions, and came prepared to put an end to them. She was in all her doings already a nun, they told him, and would soon leave England altogether. When, therefore, Mary, says our manuscript, "very humbly entreated him to give her his permission,"¹¹ he would not listen to her at all, much less give her his consent. He called her to him afterwards alone, and explained his sentiments in the following stern words: "My daughter Mary, thou hast all sorts of plans which cannot be carried into effect. Thou couldest, through thy untimely and indiscreet zeal, deliver thyself and a good part of our house to the shambles, moreover, thou art not fit for the severe life of a convent. But what kind of a calling thou oughtest to enter upon, that will thy confessor tell thee. Prepare thyself now to journey with me to London; to go out of England is herewith refused thee; in the event of the contrary, thou shalt not be acknowledged as my daughter." From love and reverence to her father, Mary did not venture on any reply, but making an exterior mark of respect, left the room. But, continues Winefrid Wigmore's biography, ["this refusal gave

⁸ Fr. V.⁹ Fr. V.¹⁰ Peacock's *Yorkshire Catholics*, p. 43.¹¹ Fr. V.

her no pain,¹³] it was not now with her as it had been, having learned to follow the counsel of her Heavenly Father, and gained such courage as little to value the words, before so dear and powerful, that they not at all daunted her or gave her the least difficulty in this her Divine undertaking. She [generously¹³] resolved to embrace the first opportunity to pass the seas, and said in herself, 'I will see him no more,' and that with joy, so as what [the obedience to her father¹⁴] had been above thousands of worlds dear to her, when in balance with her best pleasing God, was as nothing."

Meanwhile, Marmaduke seems to have been maturing a plan which threatened to dispose of his daughter in a manner very different from that which she herself desired. We may as well leave her for a time, and consider what we can learn about the "Catholic nobleman" of whom Winefrid Wigmore speaks, and the designs of Marmaduke Ward in his regard.

Edmund, or Edward Neville, was born in 1563, and had therefore attained, at the present period, the mature age of forty-three years. His parents were probably Sir John Neville of Leversedge, and his second wife Beatrice, daughter of Henry Browne. Sir John's property was confiscated by Queen Elizabeth for the part he took in the rebellion in the North of 1569, and he was driven into exile, leaving eight children without any means of support. Edward was universally beloved, and noted for great sweetness of manner. He was never a Protestant, but he was a schismatic until his twenty-eighth year—that is, he attended perforce and against his conscience the State services—and his conversion, he said himself, was effected by the Holy Spirit without any one's persuasion. From that time his life was of the same type with that of numbers in England, who for nearly a century and a half, being deprived of their inheritance by the persecuting laws, remained constant to their religion, and by practising it in secret had to run a thousand risks of imprisonment and death, and to be the helpless witnesses of the sufferings of others for the faith, while they maintained themselves with difficulty in any way yet open to them as Catholics.

In such a condition, a matrimonial alliance with Edward Neville did not appear to offer even a competency, much less any brilliant prospect, to Mary. But Neville was a man "of great expectations," and as such, Marmaduke Ward looked upon him, as many parents of the present day would have

¹³ Fr. V.¹⁵ Fr. V.¹⁴ Fr. V.

done, with a favourable eye. He was *de jure* seventh Earl of Westmoreland, being the nearest male heir of Charles, the sixth Earl, attainted for his share in the rising in the North in favour of Mary Queen of Scots. Earl Charles had died in Flanders in 1601. The estates which he had forfeited, through his unsuccessful devotion to Queen Mary and the Catholic cause, were of no mean value, including princely castles and domains in the northern counties, such as Brancepeth, Raby, Middleham, and Naworth, whose ruins still testify to the power and exalted position of their former owners, who possessed a corresponding fortune for their maintenance. Of an earlier day we read—

Seven hundred knights, retainers all
Of Neville, at their master's call
Had sate together in Raby hall.¹⁵

And at the present period the attainted Earl had told the King of Spain, in a petition which he presented to him, that his estates in England were worth £150,000 a-year. One of the competitors for the forfeited title, in hopes of being favourably heard, had thought it well worth while to offer £50,000 out of them to the crown as a bribe. Ready money had as great attractions to royalty in those days, as forfeited estates to grasping courtiers. The Earl of Northumberland had regained his title by the loss of a part of his ancestral territories: why should not Edward Neville regain his at a like cost, especially with that Earl's assistance, which Marmaduke could well reckon on throwing into the scale? Northumberland was high in Court favour at the time, and in those early days of the reign of James, before the Gunpowder Plot, though the King had belied the promises which he had made to the Catholics upon his accession, it was still hoped that he would look with a favourable eye on the heirs of those who had suffered so deeply in his mother's cause, as had Earl Charles, especially as, in the King's advice to his son, he had said that he had found those the most true and trusty to himself who had been faithful followers of hers.

The father of Mary Ward cannot be blamed for seeking what may be well called so dazzling a position for his daughter, as though he were attempting to place her out of her proper sphere. The Wards had for generations intermarried with the best blood in the county, such as the Musgraves, the Gascoignes, and the Nortons, and were already connected in various ways with the

¹⁵ Wordsworth's *White Doe of Rylstone*.

family of the Nevilles, as well as with that of the Percys. His beautiful Mary, with her noble bearing, which, as Winefrid Wigmore says, "altogether carried great majesty with it, such as made princes find great satisfaction in her conversation," would as well grace a coronet, as, more than a century before, the lovely Cecily Neville, "the Rose of Raby," had graced a diadem. Cecily was the wife of Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, and the mother of Edward the Fourth and Richard the Third. In the comparison, Mary would in some respects stand first; for devout as Cecily was, who heard three low Masses daily, and had Hilton's *Active and Contemplative Life* read to her at dinner, and who, after her husband's death, wore the habit of a Benedictine nun, though she never lived in the cloister, yet Mary possessed a jewel for the need of which in her younger days, Cecily had subsequently to suffer bitterly through the cruel aspersions cast upon her. "As proud as a Cis," had become a proverb; while of Mary, Winefrid Wigmore says again, "she had such a meekness and humility as gave confidence to the poorest and most miserable;" not only a lovely ornament to an exalted station, but one which would also be of priceless value in its daily exercise towards the afflicted Catholics with whom she would have to deal. We can certainly appreciate, therefore, the sagacity of the contrivers of the plan in this instance.

But Marmaduke Ward must not be deprived of what is justly his due. Besides the temporal advancement of his daughter, whom, as we have heard, he tenderly loved, and, fervent Catholic as he was, perhaps even before it, he felt that the good to be gained to the cause of religion by the restoration of the Westmóreland title and estates to Edward Neville, and their preservation for Catholic heirs, would be enormous. A glance at the state of things in England, above all in the north, where the interest of the Neville family principally lay, will abundantly show this.

The Catholics had now for half a century been groaning under the burden of the persecuting statutes, which had gradually increased in severity. Who can adequately describe the state of domestic misery which these statutes entailed upon them? Some among them, in despair of a better state of things, had gone to live abroad; but such a step was not in the power of by far the larger number, even of the more opulent. To these, therefore, nothing was left but the hard choice of

conforming to the laws, or of facing death, the loss of their whole property, and imprisonment for life, and, for what were esteemed less offences, confinement for shorter periods and heavy fines, the frequent infliction of which reduced many to beggary. Priests had no alternative. Death was the punishment assigned to them by law, although, in many instances, as a matter of policy, this was changed into imprisonment or banishment; while those who sheltered and assisted them were treated as felons. To hear Mass, receive the sacraments, educate children as Catholics, or send them abroad for the purpose, even to wear or possess rosaries, crosses, *Agnus Dei*, and such like sacred objects, were punishable with loss of all their property or perpetual imprisonment, sometimes with both. It was death to persuade another to become a Catholic. Children educated abroad forfeited their inheritance to the next heir who would conform to the laws. The life of a Catholic who was faithful to his conscience was one of daily and constant alarm and solicitude. He was at the mercy of every ill wisher or designing person: a discontented tenant, an evil-disposed servant, had him in their power; he was liable to be incessantly watched, and at any moment to be hurried off before the tribunals, and to be condemned to heavy fines, imprisonment—well, if it were not to death—on the most insufficient and trifling testimony.

But there were two cleverly contrived engines of oppression, which in themselves utterly destroyed the peace and well-being of the Catholic family, either rich or poor, one of which at least was a powerful, if it were a petty, aid in rooting up the Catholic religion, and turning England into a Protestant country. This latter was the law enforcing attendance, baptism, and communion in the Protestant churches. The penalty at first was 12*d.* for each Sunday, but in 1586, finding that "Catholics did upon conscience retire themselves from going more than before," it was increased to £20 a month, and afterwards "the new angariation and pressure then first brought up that men should be bound to pay for their wyves that were recusants" £10 extra, and the same for the children, and £10 for the servants, thirteen months moreover being reckoned in the year. In 1606, it was increased to £10 for each person. Those who were too poor to be touched by this enactment had two-thirds of their goods taken. Under this statute the poor suffered terribly. Many went to prison rather

than pay. It was a good opportunity for the cruelty of pursuivants and underlings. We read of "the coverlets and blankets taken from the beds" in the cottages, the beds themselves and the other furniture, even "cloth, spun to clothe the children for the winter," sometimes "all their goods" seized, if better off, the cow driven away, and the owners forced to go begging. On one occasion "the vestry of a Protestant church was almost filled with pots, pans, pewter, and household stuff" carried off. On another the milk on the fire, begged by a starving man, in a cottage all but stripped, was poured away and the pan taken. These are instances out of thousands such. How deep the faith still lay in the hearts of some of the English poor may be seen by their simple but brave answers before their judges at such times. Thus we read, in depositions at York, 1576,¹⁶ a tailor's wife "sayeth she cometh not to the church because there is neither altar nor sacrifice." A locksmith, "because it is not the Catholic Church, for there is neither priest, altar, nor sacraments." His wife, "her conscience will not serve her, because there is not the sacrament hung up, nor other things as hath been aforetime." Their numbers may be exemplified by the facts that in a list of recusants¹⁷ refusing to go to Church in 1605, out of just two thousand named in it, fifty only are of the rank of gentlemen.

For the richer of the population, the value of money, being about four times what it is now, few incomes would bear the heavier penalty, the price at which they were to buy peace of conscience, and besides, this law gave a ready pretext for eliciting the proof of recusancy and for bringing down upon them all which that accusation involved, especially the incessant search of their dwellings, the second evil to which we have alluded. An Englishman's, or rather a Catholic's home, was certainly in those days *not* his castle, for at any hour of the day or night, he might be visited by a magistrate at the head of an armed mob, or worse still by pursuivants, with their band of attendants, too well known as a most degraded, mercenary, unscrupulous, and cruel set of men, many of them apostates, who made a living of their evil gains. The doors would be burst open and the pursuivants in separate parties would "run up the stairs and into the chambers with their drawn swords, enough to drive the weaker sort of women and children out of their wits." They would then ransack every

¹⁶ *Troubles*, series iii. p. 248.

¹⁷ P.R.O. "Recusant Papers."

room, and search and interrogate every person, if at night, turning them out of bed, under the plea that superstitious objects might be hidden there, the tapestry would be torn down, the walls pierced, the flooring torn up, locks forced, closets, drawers, coffers rifled. Remonstrances only made them more insolent, they recklessly wasted and destroyed whatever was in their way, and finally would carry off private letters, plate, and anything valuable which they found, besides all else they fancied even "beds, tables, clothes, chests, trunks, and especially money. If they find the master of the house," says a contemporary,¹⁸ "they thrust the infamous oath of supremacy upon him, and if he refuses to take it, they carry him off to the nearest gaol, there in poverty and chains, in darkness and squalor, in hunger and nakedness—*vel ducat vitam, vel animam agat*. The times of Elizabeth, although most cruel, were the mildest and happiest in comparison of those of James the First." "Not only in the shires and provinces abroad," writes another,¹⁹ "but even in London itself, and in the eyes of the Court, the violence and insolency of continual searches grew to be such as was intolerable: no night passing commonly, but that soldiers and catchpoles break into quiet men's houses, when they were asleep; and not only carried away their persons into prisons at their pleasure, except they would bribe excessively, but whatsoever liked them best besides in the house."

Sometimes these barbarous inroads were directed against single houses or individuals at the pursuivant's choice, at others they were sudden organized attacks upon all the Catholics through whole districts, upon the slightest prettexts. Thus the Protestant Bishop of Hereford writes to Cecil on June, 1605,²⁰ that "upon Wednesday last at evening, Sir James Scudamore" and other "justices of peace, with such aid as I could give them, went unto the Darren and other places adjoining to make search and apprehend Jesuits and priests, their abettors and receivers certain days before being riotously abroad with weapons, and did make diligent search, all that night and day following, from village to village, from house to house, about thirty miles compass, near the confines of Monmouthshire, where they found altars, images, books of superstition, relics of idolatry,

¹⁸ Father Coffin, S.J. Stonyhurst Manuscripts, *Anglia*, vol. iii. n. 103.

¹⁹ Parsons' *Judgment of a Catholic Englishman*, 8vo. 1608, p. 43.

²⁰ "Recusant Papers," P.R.O.

but left all desolate of men and women. Except here or there an aged woman or a child, all were fled into Wales, and but one man apprehended : all that circuit of rude barbarous people carried headlong into these desperate courses by priests (whereof there is great store) and principal gentlemen, lords of towns and manors there. They are all fled into woods, and there they will lurk until the assizes be past." Father Holtby also relates at an earlier date :²¹ "This year, being the year of our Lord 1593, upon the 1st of February, at night, until the next day at nine of the clock, being Candlemas Day, there was a general search made for Catholics all over Yorkshire, Richmondshire, Cleveland, the bishopric of Durham, and Northumberland, wherein all the Justices of Peace, and others of authority, with such as favoured the heretics' faction, together with the ministers themselves, did flock together, entering the houses of the Catholics and all such as were suspected to favour their cause, in so great numbers that it is hard to say how many were abroad that night in searching. For there came to some houses above an hundred or seven score persons to search. Myself and my brother John escaped very narrowly. They got beads and books in divers places, and many were forced to forsake their homes to escape the danger : yet did they also seek the grounds and woods in many places." Father Holtby adds that "a few laymen were taken and one only priest." This hunting for Catholics somewhat resembles what might be the description of an unsuccessful *battue* for game when the country assembles for sport, and little results except the destruction of a number of hares and pheasants. It was a continually-renewed excitement, especially for the idle and ill-disposed of the population, of which the poor Catholic was the victim, The consequences to him were not trifling.

Imprisonment was then a very different matter to what it now is. The horrible condition of the prisons of those days is well known : numbers of Catholics died in them, some after a year or more, others lingering for periods of eight, ten, twelve, even twenty years, but finally sinking under their sufferings. It was not only the dungeons of the Tower or the lower wards of the Gatehouse, Counter, Clink, and other London prisons, where prisoners were "put into a hole with only straw for their lodging without other light but a candle," and where inmates died, "by the infection of the prison," even when, as was always the case, they paid for ordinary lodging. The country gaols

²¹ Father Holtby's "Account of Three Martyrs," *Troubles*, Father Morris, S.J.

were as bad or worse : we read of the "two filthy prisons," there, "full of vermin;" of "women"²² remaining for twenty weeks in one where they could not see at noontime to eat their meat without a candle, their beds loathsome with filth;" of York Castle where the prisoners became "grievously diseased through the infectious air;" of the low Kidcote, Ousebridge, where Mrs. Dorothy Vavasour, a lady, was removed, "after living many years virtuously in prison, in which strait and pestilent place she and many others fell sick and contracted such diseases as never left them until their dying day." The inmates too, except by the kindness of the charitable, were, as to food, at the mercy of rapacious gaolers, who enriched themselves by half starving their prisoners. "Out of fifty-eight persons who were incarcerated at York in the time of" the Protestant "Archbishop Matthews, for refusing the oath of allegiance, forty died in prison." These are but instances, and not the worst; we read of the same treatment and mortality in other counties.

Fines and imprisonment, which could be inflicted for any of the numerous charges brought against a recusant, were generally then the results of one of the domiciliary visits, above described, but the most ordinary pretext for them, of whichever kind, and that which brought still heavier ruin, was the discovery of a priest, whom it was the glory of a Catholic family to shelter and conceal, and so to obtain the inestimable treasure of the sacraments. There was many a faithful Catholic household which through the whole of those weary years of suffering, joyfully bore with all the risk and torturing anxiety, and offered a home to our Lord in the most Holy Sacrament, daily Mass being said, if not unintermittingly, at least with the intervals only of the discovery or necessary withdrawal of the priest, the Holy Sacrifice being again offered, as soon as the danger was past. Such fervent souls have had their reward, in having preserved the precious inheritance of the faith, at so great a cost, to their families and to their country, and their descendants partake of it too, some of whom still hear Holy Mass in the very spots where their forefathers heard it in fear and trembling, with locked doors and with their life in their hands. For such as these a great grace is still in store, a noble inheritance truly is theirs, for to them especially it belongs to restore the hearts of the children to the fathers, and to show love

²² "Notes by a Prisoner in Ousebridge," *Troubles*, Father Morris, S.J.; also Father Grene's Manuscript, vol. M.

to the children of their persecutors by winning them to the faith. In thus returning good for evil and following the example of their ancestors, who drew multitudes from heresy and schism, though at the risk of their blood, they may, even in our peaceful times, attain to a share in their rich crown of glory hereafter.

With evils such as these, which Catholics had to endure at the times of which we treat, of which the above pages are but an outline, is it to be wondered at that Marmaduke Ward should look with an anxious eye at the hope of retaining the influence of so powerful and rich an earldom as that of Westmoreland for the good cause, above all when a worse evil than any yet mentioned must have been very present to the mind of every thoughtful Catholic, as in each successive Parliament new and more severe laws were enacted against the old religion? What hope would exist for England with regard to the Catholic faith, after another such fifty years as those which had just passed? Protestant writers state that something under two-thirds of the population had conformed to the laws during the first forty years of Elizabeth's reign, but those who remained faithful were dwindling in numbers, for by degrees many, in spite of their consciences, attended the Protestant churches occasionally, just sufficiently to satisfy the statute, "until better times should come." Their punishment followed, as is usual with such time-serving derelictions; the happy days of Catholicity never, alas! returned, and their children consequently became in reality what they themselves were only in outward appearance. The lukewarm in heart found no difficulty in this course of expediency, with them it was but indifference as to religion itself. It was easy to foresee that such defalcations would multiply, with the additional severity of the statutes threatened by the Parliament now assembled, especially as the King, urged by his needy favourites, many of them Scotch, began in 1605 to make use of a power lately given him, of refusing the £20 a month for recusancy, and taking two-thirds of the whole property instead. Lists "of such recusants as his Majesty hath granted liberty to his servants to make profit of," with the names of these grasping "servants" also, still exist.²³ Among the former are those of many well known Catholic families. There were but twenty peers in the Upper House who were Catholics at the date of which we speak, and even these, with but one exception, Lord Teynham, took the new oath of allegiance put forth by James. Well might

²³ In the Public Record Office.

Father Holtby write in the autumn of the year 1606, "partly by the doctrine of approving the oath" of allegiance, "and much more of allowing and defending our long-abhorred church-going, we are brought into that estate, that we fear in short time, *ne lucerna nostra prorsus extinguatur*. For now, not only weak persons here and there, upon fear of temporal losses, do relent from their constancy, but whole counties and shires run headlong without scruples unto the heretics' churches to service and sermons."

CHAPTER VI.

THE SPILT CHALICE.

WE must now return to Mary Ward and her father, on their journey to London in the last months of 1605. We are now in the sad year of the Gunpowder Plot, so natural a result of the tyranny and bad faith which had marked the conduct of King James towards the Catholics, and so disastrous in its own effects on the Catholics themselves. The journey of the father and daughter seems to have taken place just at the time of the discovery of the Plot, and Marmaduke was accidentally involved in suspicion. Among the original documents connected with the history of the Gunpowder Plot,¹ there is one containing the examination of "Marmaduke Ward, gentleman, of Newbie, in the county of York," when arrested on suspicion of being concerned in the conspiracy, "taken before Sir Ffowlke Grevyll, Knight, and Bartholomew Hales, Esq., on November 6, 1605, at Beauchamp's Court, Warwickshire." It runs as follows: "Examine, being demanded when he came into this country, saith, a fortnight since, and hath continued at Mr. Jo. Write's at Lapworth, when Mr. Write discontinuing the space of one week past, his sister-in-law, Mrs. Write, entreated him (being accompanied with one Marke Brittaine, her man) to go to Mr. Winter with a horse to Huddenton, when as they past by Alcester about an hour after the troops past, this ext. was apprehended, but the said Brittaine being well horst escaped. He further saith he knew not of the companies passing that way until they came to Alcester, nor of their purpose anything at all."

"The companies passing," were the band of conspirators of "the Plot of Powder," who the day before, on finding their

¹ R.O., *Gunpowder Plot Book*.

plans discovered, had ridden from London to Dunchurch,² "almost eighty miles, at so fast a pace and with such a resolution that it was hard to overtake them, and would not have been easy to have stayed them." They joined Sir Everard Digby there, who "presently," that is the next day, "caused all his men and horses to be ready, and departed with them. Mr. Catesby, also, and other of the gentlemen, had prepared their horses and furniture ready in that place beforehand. Neither do I think they were above eighty in the whole company. They went presently to Warwick, and from thence towards Staffordshire."

It appears probable that Marmaduke Ward's arrest took place during the journey from Yorkshire to London, which he had announced to his daughter, as we have seen in the preceding chapter. They were perhaps invited, like the families of the conspirators, who seem to have been assembled in Warwickshire under the pretext (as it may have been) of a marriage. Father Garnett, also, though ignorant of their plans, was in the neighbourhood, namely, at Coughton,³ Mr. Thomas Throgmorton's, near Alcester, which was his appointed station for the festival of All Saints, when he was expected there by the different Catholic families of that district. Mary may perhaps have been with her father at Lapworth, a property which belonged to the Catesbys, though then occupied by John Wright. Her name, however, does not appear in a numerous list of the wives, children, and servants of all under suspicion, who were also taken into custody, including "Dorothy and Margaret, wives of John and Christopher Wright," her uncles, and her aunt "Martha, the wife of Percie." More probably Mary was at Upper Pillerton, not far distant, or at Barford, nearer Warwick, some of the Ward family having migrated from Yorkshire, in the reign of Mary the First, and settled in the former vicinity. But though not herself arrested, the succeeding days must have been passed by Mary in fearful anxiety and suspense, not knowing her father's fate, and in doubt as to the reports afloat concerning her uncles. Two days later, on the 8th of November, the fatal encounter of the conspirators with the sheriff's forces took place at Holbeach, when her two uncles, the Wrights, were killed, and her other uncle, Thomas Percy, was mortally wounded, and carried off with the rest to the

² Fr. Gerard's *Narrative of the Gunpowder Plot*, pp. 106, 107.

³ Lingard's *History of England*, vol. vii. p. 545. Edit. 1849.

Tower, where he only lived three or four days. Marmaduke Ward's happy ignorance of the projects of his brothers-in-law, may perhaps have been owing to the prudence and caution, by means of which he had hitherto escaped being entangled in the troubles of the times, and we hear of no result to himself following upon his arrest. Before very long he was in London, whither he persevered in going in spite of risk, and where Mary accompanied him as he had before determined.

Winefrid Wigmore says that they were at "lodgings in Baldwin's Gardens." It was here that Marmaduke had arranged the plan by which he intended to give a final blow to his daughter's day-dreams, and to secure for her a position in life both advantageous to herself and useful to the Catholic cause. It "was a little before Mass in the chapel [of the house where she lodged⁴] in Baldwin's Gardens, in London," that Mary heard her father's wishes and commands in detail from Father Holtby, S.J. This Father was born in Yorkshire in 1553, and had laboured in the north for three years, originally as a secular priest. After becoming a Jesuit, he returned there in 1589, and from that time for fifty-one years, he toiled unremittingly as a missionary, and mostly in that part of England, escaping all the efforts of the spies and pursuivants so effectually that he was never arrested. He died there at an advanced age in 1640. There are but few and scattered notices as to the exact places in which he laboured, but the account of the persecution in the north which he sent to Father Garnett in 1594, shows him to have been well acquainted with the Catholics of Yorkshire. Mary Ward, in some of her writings, says that he had been her confessor for seven years; but this must have been at intervals only, as during part of that period he had resided much in Northumberland. In 1598, his "abode was but four miles from Brough," near Catterick, in the north of Yorkshire, and he then gave the Spiritual Exercises to Mrs. Dorothy Lawson, having been fetched by Mr. Anthony Holtby, his brother, steward to her father, Sir Henry Constable. In 1602-3, he is named in a list endorsed by Cecil as "the Jesuits that lurk in England:" "Mr. Holtbie with Mr. Hodgson at Heborne, three miles from Newcastle." In 1605-6, and shortly, therefore, before going to London, he was at Halton, in the same county, a place belonging to Launcelot Carnaby. On the execution of Father Garnett, in 1606, Father Holtby was appointed to succeed him as Superior,

⁴ Fr. V.

being already his Socius. The houses belonging to Father Garnett in London had, however, been discovered in the preceding summer by the spies, and had to be abandoned, and he himself found it most prudent to go for some months into the country for better concealment, where subsequently to the Plot he was betrayed and arrested, that is, in the following January. Meanwhile Father Holtby's presence was perhaps requisite in London; any way, Marmaduke Ward was evidently aware of his intended journey thither, though we are not told what interval elapsed after their arrival before his interview with Mary in Baldwin's Gardens.

Mary probably surmised pretty well beforehand what her father's plans for her were, but she was in no way prepared for the words with which her confessor addressed her. The substance of what Father Holtby said to her on this occasion is given by one of her early German biographers. He may perhaps have taken the liberty, abundantly indulged in by writers of the time, of enlarging and multiplying the words of their heroes and heroines and others, according to their pleasure, or as they deemed would be fitting to their characters, the further to adorn and illustrate the narrative. This looks rather likely in regard to the present address, from the opening words, which are given thus, "Noble pious lady!" and which are certainly not quite those customarily used by a priest to his penitent. It proceeds: "You well know that the first rule and principle of all piety and holiness is the Divine will and good pleasure. As then the most holy Virgin and Mother of God, whom you hold dear, and whose virtues you seek to follow, attained and was fulfilled with her most exalted holiness, through this, that she abandoned herself to the will of God as an obedient handmaid and servant of the Lord; you have specially to thank God that, in what concerns your calling, He has so clearly manifested His Divine will and good pleasure. You yourself know how often marriage has been offered to you; but this has never been the will of God, and you have been reserved that you might become the firm support and protectress of many Catholic souls. I have well considered the whole matter, and there is no doubt God wills that you shall serve Him in this way. And now I will relate the whole thing clearly, although you know already that Edmund Neville, the only remaining Catholic heir of all the estates of the Earls of Westmoreland, will enter into no contract of marriage with any other person except with you, and will

rather leave the world altogether, and give over all his great estates to the heretic heirs. You may now judge for yourself whether through a particular disposition of Divine Providence you have not been reserved as a motherly protectress for so many already sorely-distressed Catholic subjects. But you must also reflect what kind of an account you will have to give, in case you will not obey the ordering of God, when so many Catholic subjects are oppressed and driven either into exile or even to apostacy from the faith. You must in no way say to me that you have resolved to enter a religious order, for I tell you that if you were really in the novitiate in that state of life, you would better please God were you to come out, and by concluding a marriage to preserve this noble house in the true faith, as one of the greatest supporters to the few Catholics in England. Take good heed, therefore, what you do, that you may not drive away the grace of God from you by self-will."

It has already been said that Mary's friends had "vehemently urged her" to accept Edward Neville, but she had little thought that "above all her confessor" would do so, "so far as to say were she a novice in any religion she would do God more service to come out and marry this party than to proceed, and particularly he resolving never to marry if she would not have him." In writing of the whole transaction, she says that the Father's words were a heavy burden and caused her unspeakable distress, because on the one hand she was afraid how to undertake that which he represented to her as a forbidden thing and unacceptable to God, and on the other, she could not accede to what he believed to be the best for her. She also knew that he was a man of great holiness and judgment, and that his plans were regarded by Catholics as very prudent, and as the best for their general good and for the honour of God. "This assault, then, of her ghostly Father's was beyond measure sensible, carrying the colours of religion and zeal, insomuch that she, as it were in an agony [death agony⁵], cast herself at the feet of her dear Lord [Jesus Christ, her good Master⁶] and said, 'it was He must answer for her,' and then," at the proposal of the Father that both should betake themselves to prayer, upon which the result should depend, "in holy quiet free from noise and motion of any exterior things, rested in herself united with God [in a profound peace and tranquillity, remaining interiorly recol-

⁵ Fr. V.⁶ Fr. V.

lected and motionless and as if insensible⁷]. In this manner she remained," while the priest made his meditation and preparation for Holy Mass, Mary meantime "praying unceasingly," "and not minding at all what passed there."

The Mass was over, and Mary's prayers had been heard and answered. "The priest after his recollection, which had been longer than ordinary, washing his hands, she, forth of her wonted great respect to all priests, especially her ghostly Father, arose to give him the towel. She perceived he had wept much [and heard him say, his voice broken with sighs, 'What, is it then possible,⁸] shall I live to offend my God?' and [turning] to her, 'I will never more hinder your religious design [holy resolution⁹], but further you all I can [and assist you to effect it as much as possible¹⁰], which was to her an unspeakable jubilee. By what means God changed this good priest his heart, He alone knoweth that wrought it, but in that Mass after consecration, the chalice was spilt." Mary Ward's Benedictine biographer thus relates the accident and its result: "The confessor was much alarmed by the upsetting of the chalice and spilling of the Holy Blood at Holy Mass, which he was saying in a private chapel, and illuminated by a heavenly light he forthwith discerned that Mary was chosen to be a bride of Christ." Winefrid Wigmore adds: "this priest was a very exemplar and religious man;" and Mary writes of him: that "by his great merit, he received this favour from God, that he discerned Christ the Lord, the Elect and Beloved Spouse of virgins, not in the breaking of Bread, but in the spilling of His Divine Blood." Father Holtby faithfully kept the promise which he then made her, and upon his speaking to her father, the latter very soon gave his consent, and no one else thenceforth put any obstacle in the way of her entering the religious state.

But we must not leave Edward Neville, after so fatal a blow to his prospects, without a few words concerning his future career. Edward possessed one of the highest qualities of a real hero, steadfastness of purpose, and we do not hear that he either indulged in regrets or sought for consolations. It would appear that the present episode in his life, had followed upon some attempts to obtain the acknowledgment of his rights, which he had made, probably by the advice of Father Baldwin, and which had brought him into England from Douay,

⁷ Fr. V.⁸ Fr. V.⁹ Fr. V.¹⁰ Fr. V.

where he had been studying for the priesthood. Through the same advice he gave up his wish of embracing the ecclesiastical state, for the sake of the good to be gained by others, if his petitions for the Westmoreland title were granted. The Gunpowder Plot and its results must have considerably damped his hopes of success, and Mary's subsequent refusal and her reasons for it, finally pointed out his future life to him, as he seems to have determined beforehand to accept her decision as being a sign of what God's will was for him. He appears to have lost no time in carrying out what was before him, but left England the same year, 1606, for Rome, where he was ordained priest in 1608, and finally became a religious of the Society of Jesus.

And now for the "end." If Edward Neville had ever indulged in day-dreams of domestic happiness, rank with all its surroundings, and power, even though to be used in lavishing his riches in doing good to others, how different were the after realities! Instead of these bright visions, we read of long years of toil and privation passed on the English Mission,¹¹ (to which he was sent at the conclusion of his novitiate) and finally, when in his eighty-fifth year, past work and bed-ridden, of nine months spent in one of the dismal county gaols, in chains, cold, and hunger, reduced to such a condition as to be dependent on the alms of a charitable lady, for what kept life within him. He had been dragged out of bed, in the depths of winter, thrown into a cart and carried off to prison by the Parliamentary soldiers, as merciless a set as the pursuivants, on the suspicion of being a priest. At the close of nine months, his few remaining days of suffering were quickly cut short, for after his trial in London, when he was discharged for lack of evidence, almost in a dying state, in 1648, a disease brought on by his hardships in prison supervened, and he was rapidly carried off. Such was Edward Neville's "end." Father Tanner calls him a noble confessor of Christ *in vinculis*, and when free an apostle. Surely his crown shines brighter now than the coronet he put aside. And for Mary Ward, our readers must judge for themselves in the following chapters whether her rejection of Edward Neville and his proffered honours and riches was a wise choice, and whether she too "ended well." We may add that the Earldom of Westmoreland, having been unsuccessfully claimed by Lord Abergavenny in 1604, a new creation was finally

¹¹ In Father Tanner's *Societas Jesu*.

granted in 1624 to Thomas Fane; but long ere that time, James had to bestow Raby Castle and its splendid domain, which Queen Elizabeth had retained for the Crown, upon his unworthy favourite, the Earl of Somerset, then Lord Rochester.

Winefrid Wigmore does not spend many words upon Mary Ward's disappointed suitor; she only says, "Nor did he [marry], but became a religious man and a priest, and from that time the title went to heretics, so as by his absence the Catholics lost a great support." Concerning Mary she continues: "The blessed servant of God was as if chains had been taken off her. Thus freed she even flew in pursuit of her holy designs, insensible of whatsoever else." Preparations were therefore made for Mary to quit her native country and go into Flanders. This was no easy matter, when the heaviest penalties were attached to Catholics for sending their children abroad (ship-owners and mariners also, by a statute of 1604, were to forfeit their vessel and be imprisoned for taking over any woman or child), and at such a moment as the present great difficulties would lie in the way of obtaining a formal leave of absence from England. It was a juncture of fierce political and religious excitement. The conspirators concerned in the Gunpowder Plot were executed January 30th and 31st, and on the former day Father Garnett and Father Oldcorne had been discovered at Henlip House, Worcestershire, and brought to London. Their frequent examinations in the Tower and elsewhere followed, and subsequently the public trial and condemnation of Father Garnett. But though during these events Mary was staying with relations in or near London, where she must have seen and heard much which influenced her finally in the choice of her vocation, at present her whole soul was filled with little else but the joy of obeying without delay the immediate call of God by going into religion. God made use of her meantime in behalf of those she was with. "Between this and the first time of her going over the seas,¹² she lived in the house of another kinsman of hers, where her great modesty and rare discretion rendered her not only admirable but greatly helpful to that family, which, by an unfortunate match of the eldest son, was in imminent danger to ruin, as it did soon after her leaving it. Whilst she was there, her power was so prevalent with the young couple as she kept all in a good mean." Their name is nowhere given, but it was possibly while residing with

¹² Winefrid Wigmore's MS.

them that a little incident occurred, which is also told us as happening before she left England. A gentleman named Errington (perhaps of the family of the martyr, Mr. George Errington, who suffered at York in 1596), brought his children to see her. She looked fixedly at one of them, a strong healthy child of two or three years old, and said, "This child is marked out for heaven." Her prediction was speedily fulfilled, for it died a few weeks afterwards.

We have now brought Mary Ward to the close of her holy and happy girlhood, and to the first great epoch in her life, the entrance upon the religious state, to which she had so perseveringly aspired. God had filled her, it is true, with interior joy at the prospect, yet during the last days of her stay with her relations in England, many sorrowful thoughts must from time to time have dashed its brightness. Her father, probably, did not accompany her from London. Her passage was taken under a feigned name. But whenever it was that she saw him for the last time, she must have suffered severely, and the more so from the knowledge of the sacrifice he was making in giving up a daughter he so tenderly loved. The parting with her eldest brother, too, the nearest probably to herself in age, and who, Winefrid Wigmore tells us, "was to her the dearest of all her brothers and sisters, and most like and sympathising with her," would have inflicted another pang scarcely less painful. Many a lingering thought must have been turned towards Yorkshire, the home of her childhood, where she had passed so many happy, peaceful years. Her mother, too, and her younger brothers and sisters were most likely there, for long journeys were of rare occurrence in those days; she had therefore been spared, perhaps, last words with them. She may have thought that, in entering the cloister to which she was bound, she would be separated from them for ever in this world. But Mary did not flinch or waver; whatever struggle there had been with herself to give up all she loved, had long been over. We shall hear in a future chapter whether, in the providence of God, Mary's friends were ever afterwards compensated for so great an amount of present suffering.

A discourse of Reason and Faith.

"I APPLIED my heart to know wisdom, and to understand the distraction that is upon earth ; for there are some that day and night take no sleep with their eyes. And I understood that man can find no reason of all those works of God that are done under the sun ; and the more he shall labour to seek, so much the less shall he find ; yea, though the wise man should say that he knoweth it, he shall not be able to find it."¹ As men of the world, the longer they live feel with "David's son the sad and splendid" more and more intensely that all things are vanity and vexation of mind, so thinking men as their intellects become mature realize more and more clearly how utterly impotent they are to cope with the mystery of being contained in the smallest pebble they pick up on the beach of that ocean of knowledge, stretching before them away into infinity. Nevertheless, generation after generation worship the bewitching idol of trifling, and the philosophers of the generations wander ceaselessly along the bleak coast, strewn with the ghastly wrecks of philosophic systems, and the bones of foolhardy adventurers, seekers of golden truth "in seas of death and sunless gulfs of doubt." There seems to be something more than natural in this if philosophers could but find it out.

When the youthful student first feels the aching void of ignorance, he sets to work with a will to satiate his new hunger. He becomes a scholar, acquires new tastes, instincts, feelings, thoughts ; but if he be genuinely wounded with the love of wisdom, he cannot find among the inferior disciplines his place of unrest. Sooner or later he will find himself a lonely wanderer, gazing with strained eyes across the dark and silent sea of metaphysics. In that region of wonders the explorer is most liable to contract mental diseases far worse than idiotcy, if he scorns the directions of the experienced and trustworthy.

It is well known to students that the difficulty of grasping a

¹ Eccles. viii. 16, 17.

concept increases with its degree of universalism, or with its degree of freedom from phenomenal conditions. It requires no effort to consider individual things that can be seen or felt in any way. Every one enjoys a fine view, a thrilling drama, an amusing novel, a curious piece of mechanism. As long as we take things as they come, pleasant associations, emotions, yearnings, and surprises rise of their own accord in the minds of all. But to dwell on such matters, to understand them, moralize upon them, analyze them as causing our emotions, consider the characters, comprehend the parts and underlying principles, all such requires culture, for which a great price in great labour must be paid, and paid slowly by small instalments. The powers of the human mind seem to be illimitable while investigating what is at all presentable by the imagination, or verifiable more or less perfectly by experiment. It can grasp phenomenal laws, frame historical theories and in their verification 'make old civilizations, in a sense, live again. It can analyze the secret of the orator and the poet, and tell us why our hearts leap, and swell, and melt, beneath the subtle spell of thought clothed in gauze-like language. In dealing with mathematics it need never turn back. How far soever it has gone, it has powers for dealing with what lies next beyond. Mathematical concepts the most abstract and universal are capable of being expressed by symbols, and verified by the help of formulæ, figures, phenomena of the external world and machines. So far men travel by the same or similar routes, agree as to what to call by identical names, refer their differences to a common standard. But when they investigate the *nature* and intrinsic properties of the mind which knows, and of the world which exhibits, the confusion ensuing is only comparable to what took place, when "the language of the whole world was confounded."² The great philosophers examining the same phenomena, mapping out the self-same regions, investigating the like products, have differed so profoundly, that it comes upon one like a surprise, after getting some acquaintance with their systems, to think that such theories have been elaborated from the similar manifestations of similarly constituted minds. If we had nothing but their hopelessly antagonistic teachings to guide us, there would be much to say for the view of the meditative tyrant, who pronounced human life to be "a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." It is,

² Genesis xi. 9.

indeed, within the natural powers of the philosophy of unaided reason to lead us to a knowledge of God, and of our eternal destiny depending on our moral behaviour in this probationary life; but philosophy aided by pride and concupiscence inevitably issues in the more or less lame and unworthy systems of ancient and modern thinkers, who, either through ignorance or haughty scorn, have not taken Revelation for the *external* guide of their explorations, and test of the soundness of their conclusions.

To an unprejudiced mind the fact, that the Church has ever jealously guarded the rights of reason, and with unhesitating and unchanging voice, now these two thousand years, again and again proclaimed the mind's power of knowing what is absolutely true, must suggest that she cannot be afraid of the severest tests, which reason can apply to her claims upon man's moral being. Fashionable infidels confound reason with feeling. They deny that our thoughts have any objective value. Destroying suicidally all true science, as well as all real religion, they maintain that thought is merely the upper side of nervous activity, which can tell us nothing for certain beyond what is going on *within*, if even certainly that. The agnostic school seem to hold this irrational theory of thought in the most unqualified manner. However, the pre-eminence of the physical science school and its paralyzing effect upon philosophy is rapidly declining. Its most eminent representatives acknowledge their inability to deal with the higher aspects of things. They have weighed themselves in the balance, and found themselves wanting. Their philosophical weakness has become so notorious that competent men no longer expect anything from them but what is extremely interesting, mostly inconsistent, and wholly untrustworthy, once they cross the boundary line of their physical investigations.

Less exaggerated free-thinkers, like Mr. Lecky, seem to place the ultimate criterion of such "truth" as we can reach, rather in certain states of feeling than in the unfettered attestations of reason. The eminent author of *The Rise and Influence of Rationalism in Europe*, repeatedly insists that arguments and evidence are of no avail when in opposition to the prevailing habits of thought, or tone of mind, among thinking men of the world. These habits of thought become gradually but profoundly modified from age to age. The collective wisdom of the world is expressed by them. Any alleged fact out of harmony with this "wisdom" will not be discussed even, no

matter what the arguments and evidence in its favour may be. Here we have the ground-tone of the whole work. It is the idea which forms the base and main staple of the whole fabric of Rationalism. Why a system, which is acknowledged not to proceed by reasoning, should be called rationalism, is not easy to see. Sentimentalism, if not quite appropriate, at any rate would express its genesis more accurately. For, if those "habits of thought" be analyzed, they will be found to consist of certain prejudices and instincts, to the development of which pride and sensuality have largely and subtly contributed. Truth does not change. Feelings change, mental dispositions and biases change, but the truth of objective facts established by objective evidence, though it may be scornfully ignored by a prejudiced class of men, cannot thereby be destroyed or modified. To disbelieve is not to destroy.

Of late the extraordinary prestige attaching to the physical and natural sciences has attracted the human mind so much to them, that they have had an altogether undue influence in regions where they had no right to intrude except in an altogether subordinate capacity. It would appear to be a misfortune connected with the exclusive or absorbing study of these sciences, that perhaps more than any other, it chains the intellect to schemes and theories flattering to the imagination. So great a thinker as Butler is to be listened to, and his words weighed, when he calls the imagination "that forward delusive faculty, ever obtruding beyond its sphere—of some assistance, indeed, to apprehension, but the author of all error, &c."³ On the other hand philosophy and theology have, when properly pursued, the glorious effect of striking off the fetters of the imagination, and endowing man with true freedom of thought.

In the Introduction to his work on Rationalism, Mr. Lecky speaks of the will as a faculty distinct in kind from mere emotions. He must hold the same of the intellect, for the will is but its necessary complement in the same line of perfection. From this it follows that the best discipline of the mind will be that which will keep it as free as possible from all prejudices tending to cloud its clear vision of truth. Certainly, a thinker should be a man of his own times, and should thoroughly understand their spirit. As certainly he should be on his guard against the prevalent mental bias, which is ever profoundly, though slowly, changing, and which so fearfully pre-

³ *Analogy*, pt. i. chap. i.

disposes men to reject summarily facts out of harmony with it, no matter what their evidence may be. What this celebrated writer says at p. 94, vol. ii. may be turned against his own system with crushing effect: "By the spirit of truth, I mean that frame of mind in which men who acknowledge their own fallibility, and who desire above all things to discover what is true, should adjudicate between conflicting arguments.⁴ As soon as they have distinctly perceived that *reason and reason alone* should determine their opinions, that they never can be legitimately certain of the truth of what they have been taught till they have *examined its evidence* and heard what can be said against it, and that *any influence that introduces a bias of the will* is necessarily an impediment to inquiry, the whole theory of persecution falls to the ground." Instead of "persecution" put in "rationalism" in the last member, and will not the extract contain an *ad hominem* argument quite destructive of the undiscussing and scornful disbelief of rationalists in miracles and supernatural religion? But the reasoning of the passage is fallacious, because legitimate certitude (which is every man's natural birthright on multitudes of subjects, and our divinely bestowed right on that, which is infinitely the most important of all) is confounded with philosophical or reflex certitude, that is, not only being certain, but knowing clearly and consciously why we are certain. If it be beyond dispute that men "never can be legitimately certain of the truth of what they have been taught, till they have both examined its evidence and heard what can be said against it," and that those only possess the "spirit of truth" who dispassionately and philosophically "adjudicate between conflicting arguments," the fruition of legitimate certitude and of the spirit of truth will be the luxury of the refined and easy classes, for philosophical inquiry and balancing of evidences is for a leisured few. "The wisdom of a scribe cometh by his time of leisure; and he that is less in action shall receive wisdom. With what wisdom shall he be furnished that holdeth the plough, and that glorieth in the goad, that driveth the oxen therewith, and is occupied in their labours, and his whole talk is about the offspring of bulls? He shall give his mind to turn up furrows, and his care is to give the kine fodder. So every craftsman and workmaster that laboureth night and day, he who maketh graven seals, and by his continual diligence varieth the figure; he shall give his mind to the resemblance

⁴ The italics throughout the extract are mine.

of the picture, and by his watching shall finish the work. So doth the smith sitting by the anvil and considering the iron work. The vapour of the fire wasteth his flesh, and he fighteth with the heat of the furnace. The noise of the hammer is always in his ears, and his eye is upon the pattern of the vessel he maketh. He setteth his mind to finish his work, and his watching to polish them to perfection. So doth the potter sitting at his work, turning the wheel about with his feet, who is always carefully set to his work, and maketh all his work by number. He fashioneth the clay with his arm, and boweth down his strength before his feet. He shall give his mind to finish the glazing, and his watching to make clean the furnace. All these, trust to their hands, and every one is wise in his own art. Without these a city is not built. And they shall not dwell, nor walk about therein, and they shall not go up into the assembly. Upon the judge's seat they shall not sit, and the ordinance of judgment they shall not understand, neither shall they declare discipline and judgment, and they shall not be found where parables are spoken. But they shall strengthen the state of the world, and their prayer shall be in the work of their craft, applying their soul, and searching in the law of the Most High."⁵ These simple folk are not the class who have said to the God of truth: "Depart from us; we desire not the knowledge of Thy ways."⁶ "Who say to the seers, 'See not,' and to them that behold, 'Behold not for us those things that are right; speak unto us pleasant things, see errors for us.'"⁷ And for this reason, the truth which sets men free takes up its abode pre-eminently with the poor and weak things of this world. The possession of the truth is the greatest treasure of life. In a particular manner it is the treasure, support, and comfort of the poor. Slavery and oppression of every kind follow surely from false principles. The truth worked into man's moral being infallibly bestows true liberty. It frees us from all unlawful power, and teaches us due submission to lawful authority. True principles gradually establish the rights of man, the rights of conscience, balance and keep working the reciprocal duties of the various classes of society, elevate women, abolish slavery, and, in brief, teach all men, without exception, that in all things "we ought to obey God rather than men."⁸ Society was (as far as it was) leavened with and fashioned by these truths from below upwards, rather

⁵ Eccles. xxxviii. 25—39.⁶ Job xxi. 14.⁷ Isaias xxx. 10.⁸ Acts v. 29.

than from above downwards. This leavening and fashioning was and is the work of the Catholic Church. Her glory is, that she is the Kingdom of Truth. Against this Kingdom the powers of hell or falsehood shall never prevail, so as to make her teach error for truth. Her special work with men is to mould them anew in the truth, and that work is with the poor more than with the rich.

"What is truth?" said mocking Pilate." The philosophical investigation of existing things proves that, as we ascend in the scale of being, they become more and more intellectual, till, in the source and origin of all being, we find an omniscient mind and an omnipotent will. This uncreated Being, Whose essence is *to be*, created all things for His own glory out of nothing. Participating in being in varying degrees, all things more or less dimly shadow forth the perfections of God. Hence everything that *is*, participates in truth, for truth expresses the relation between what is and a mind knowing what is. All existences are types of the infinitely perfect prototypes of the Eternal Mind. It does not follow from this that evil of any kind exists in God. Evil is not a substantial entity, but merely a privation, or a relation of a substance *in se* good, and depriving that substance of a perfection due to it in any way. Consequently it can have no substantial prototype. Our intellects have for their object truth, or the knowledge of things, their properties, and relations, as they are; and our intellects have truth for their object, because they participate according to a fixed order in the Divine Mind. Thus, the wisdom of God shining upon us, we are enlightened to know good and evil. "The light of Thy face, O Lord, is signed upon us."⁹ From what has been said, we may see that the assimilating power which the human mind has of conceiving the natures and properties of the various classes of being, is derived from the fact that it is an intellectual and substantial similitude (infinitely faint, indeed, yet real) of the prototypal Intellect. Our knowledge, or the assimilation of our intellects to things, is very imperfect, but, as far as it goes, true. We can penetrate but a very little way, and that obscurely, into the essences of substances or the intrinsic nature of their properties; but we can master with absolute certitude the eternal and the natural relations of indefinite multitudes of things in the material, intellectual, and moral orders. That the knowledge *acquired* by our minds is a

⁹ Psalm iv. 7.

reflexion or participation of the Divine knowledge, an examination of our intellectual acquisitions will prove. We perceive in them the understanding of right and wrong, of the eternal and impassable distinction between vice and virtue. We know that if we deliberately sin against the moral order, we commit an act which always and everywhere, ages ago, now, or ages hence, whether here or anywhere else in the universe, is deserving of punishment. But if a law be eternal and immutable, its origin must be so too. God alone fulfils these conditions.¹⁰ If we examine our ideas or understanding of eternal being, perfect justice, and the like, we shall find that no other explanation of them is in the least probable. The results of such inquiries are our philosophical proofs that our minds are made to the image and likeness of God's.

It may be objected that the existence of God is now by "thinkers" most commonly denied, doubted, or set aside as "unknowable." The strict proofs of an infinitely good and eternal Being, Whom we call God, I have endeavoured to set forth in a previous article.¹¹ These rigid demonstrations are in themselves conclusive. But, owing to the consequences involved, they will not be seen and allowed by those, who instead of groping after and earnestly wishing to find God, are groping after and earnestly wishing to find conclusive proofs of the unreasonableness of undergoing judgment after death for their lives in this world. Even in the case of pious men, though they are a stay for the intellect, they have little or no effect ordinarily speaking on the emotions. Of themselves they will never make us *feel*, that there is a God. For me, and as far as I know, for others, the whole order of things is suggestive of God, Who will finally and equitably reward the good, and punish the wicked. Belief in and realization of His existence is almost never disturbed, except when reflex inquiry is entered upon. When, however, we inquire with due care and reverence, our natural certitude is changed into reflex, in other words, not only being absolutely certain but also knowing the demonstrative reasons for being so. Every man seems to be born with a natural pro-

¹⁰ To obviate difficulties in connection with morality it will be sufficient to remark that, although certain things may be at times permitted as lawful, and at times prohibited as unlawful and inexpedient, *sin*, or deliberate disobedience to the law of God, whether positive or founded in the eternal fitness of things, can never become lawful. What is intrinsically and previous to all will evil, can never become in act inculpable, and of this nature is formal sin.

¹¹ In the MONTH, March, 1878. Art. "Solution of Continuity."

pensity and extreme facility for grasping the idea of One, Almighty God, Wise and Equitable. But it would seem, too, that this propensity and facility may be paralyzed and destroyed in various ways. Pride and passion, and I think most of all pride, darken the intellect's vision in the highest regions of knowledge, where it is most necessary for our happiness that we should see. When once a man adopts principles which are in great part false, when he becomes the legislator and supreme judge in the court of his own conscience, he grows more and more confirmed in darkness, because, in spite of many amiable qualities, he is nourishing in his heart satanic pride, the *non serviam* kind. When on the contrary he begins to suspect his baneful principles, which he had flattered himself he was holding most morally, and, finding them the offspring of the pride woven into our fallen nature, he groans and prays for light, the light comes by little and little, and gradually exposes for him the folly of his own baseless fabric, and enlightens him to appreciate the wisdom of the ages. We must not expect the light of truth to blaze on us, so that we cannot but see. Religious truth is the hidden pearl worth seeking for with all care, and worth purchasing at any price. We find ourselves in a state of life where truth of every kind is much clouded, and generally requires great pains to get a satisfactory grasp of it, if our minds are energetic enough to desire clear conceptions. Those who profess to have found the highest truth, and who give every proof of their competency and sincerity, teach us how to seek, if unhappily we are without it, but happily wish sincerely to possess it. We must lay aside pride and passion, for "wisdom will not enter into a malicious soul, nor dwell in a body subject to sins,"¹² we must be resolved to follow whithersoever the truth leads us, we must welcome every ray of light from whatever quarter, listen to and weigh every silent word spoken in our hearts, we must learn to distrust our prejudiced notions and not bind ourselves as the slaves of our own intellects, habits of thought, or tone of mind; for of this we may be sure that, once having become blind to the highest spiritual truths, they never will shine upon us again with any great brightness, till we acknowledge our own weakness, unworthiness, and sore need, till we long ardently to see the truth, and firmly resolve to follow it when seen. To be so disposed we have need of God's special help, which He is

¹² Wisdom i. 4.

always ready to give to sincere and humble seekers after truth.

If the specious reasoning, that our assent should be proportioned to the arguments we can bring forward for our convictions, were sound, our priceless prerogative, the possession of truth, would be liable to slip from our feeble grasp at every sophistical but puzzling objection. We should be left a prey to doubts and fears, that would render life a burden to ourselves and a constant danger to our neighbours. Convictions to be reasonable should be proof against the severest tests that reason can apply, but not all who reasonably hold them should be able to produce their reasons on demand. Whoever maintains they should, has but a shallow acquaintance with the psychological side of our nature. So shallow, indeed, that such a philosopher *must* practically discard his sceptical principles, which proves them to be unreasonable and unnatural for human beings. We cannot possibly live in any way like rational creatures without an exceedingly large stock of faith. And to live our highest life we have absolute and unintermitting need of a faith founded on testimony that can neither deceive nor be deceived. For without this reasonable, ever present, immediate, and infallible faith, instead of going on to perfection, we should be continually entangled in solving doubts, which, if we had not faith, would spring up simultaneously with every difficulty. And how easy it is to see and suggest most puzzling difficulties every one is aware.

The death-blow of indefinite and unreasonable cravings, and the starting into vigorous life of solid content, very often comes with the knowledge of sober reality. Imaginative ignorance never can be at rest. Peace of mind, without which life is an intolerable burden, is founded on truth, and there is nothing more true than that rational man is made to *believe*. "Unless you believe you shall not understand," or as the Vulgate has it more generally, "you shall not be established."¹³ From the first moment of our existence we are dependent on others. We require help of every kind to arrive at any degree of development. The intellect at no time of life forms an exception. Our opinions and certitudes must be mostly founded on the testimony of others whom we trust. We can know, or understand, the causes and principles of but a very few things.

¹³ The first interpretation is that of the Septuagint, the Greek Fathers, and the old Vulgate previous to St. Jerome. The second is St. Jerome's.

Docility, or teachableness, is the first condition of becoming a scholar. Without belief in our teachers we make no progress. The greatest students are masters but of a little corner in their own field of research; on faith they have to take the results of their fellow-toilers. A man who is not rationally docile and believing, in natural matters at least, is looked upon universally as "a fool wiser in his own conceit than seven wise men who speak sentences." It is as natural for us therefore to believe, or to have faith, as it is to have knowledge or understanding. Faith ultimately perfects the intellect, and so is an act of the intellect. But as it is assent that is not absolutely necessary, it prerequires the action of the will determining the intellect to close with the evidence as conclusive. Of course the condition of all this is, that there must have been previously an explicit or implicit judgment that it would be well to believe. In the whole domain of phenomenal psychology there is nothing, I will venture to say, more amazing and appalling than the fearful power the will, acted on by and reacting upon the lower appetites, has of preventing the intellect from dwelling upon, or being detained, or permanently affected, or finally convinced by arguments and evidence that run counter to our tone of mind, habits of thought, or instinctive prejudices. Keen and adhesive on other matters the intellect under the influence of a biassed will, that desires not the knowledge of the ways of wisdom, glides sightless and frictionless down the inclined plane of moral error. From this mysterious blindness and self-deceit the spirit of truth, the love of truth, will, though it may be gradually, set us free.

Faith as a moral virtue perfects the intellect and the will, that is, perfects them as far as it is the function of faith. Like every other virtue it is a mean, as far removed on the one hand from gross credulity as it is on the other from obstinate unbelief. The assents grounded on the testimony of others are, when reasonable, acts of the virtue of faith. So far I have been and am speaking of the natural virtue of faith. Its analogue in the life of revealed religion is the free gift of God. On this latter we shall make a few reflexions immediately. The assents of faith are held by us with varying degrees and kinds of adhesion. The highest assent in kind is certitude. The essential quality differentiating it from all lower kinds of assent is, that it excludes all reasonable doubt. It becomes more and more intense, as the reasons in its favour are assimilated more and

more by our minds, and as unreasonable doubts, the offspring of a biassed imagination and our intellectual and volitional weakness, grow less and less importunate and tend wholly to disappear. Finally a perfect adjustment takes place between the higher and lower psychological faculties. In this state a man not only is certain and knows it, but also *feels* that he is so.

Absolute certitude untroubled by the slightest doubt is our birthright on innumerable matters. "God made man right, and he hath entangled himself with an infinity of questions."¹⁴ Our unreasonable views, prejudices, and persuasions are opposed to the virtue of faith, but most assuredly may be inculcable, owing to our mysteriously miserable and imperfect state. The symmetrical development of man's strange cross-faculties seems to be in this life an impossibility, but this present impossibility constitutes a potent argument for a future life, where these unsatisfied and symbolical aptitudes will reach their real object and full significance. At present if we give ourselves up devotedly to development in a given direction, our capacities for other developments become for the most part stunted and blinded, so that philosophic men at least should make the very largest possible allowance for the mental and emotional outfit of others. Of a piece with the foregoing is the reflection, that no man, even the most fortunate, can satisfy all his appetites, however much he may pine to do so. But least of all would a free life, a life of indulgence, satisfy our cravings even under the most favourable circumstances. Our lower appetites might be appeased and satiated temporarily, but our higher longings would be thereby deprived of their objects. Conscience, which is always with us, would be an ever recurring torment. Our consciousness, too, of having forfeited the noble aims of this life for animal gratifications would be the source of low spirits and bitterness. On the other hand, leading a life of self-denial involves no doubt much trouble. Passions have to be denied their gratifications. But passions, though very strong, are by no means always calling for their objects. Hence temptations are only occasional, and with due care can be made completely transitory; whereas the calm of a good conscience is perpetual. Consider, too, how a Christian life of self-denial enables us to enjoy thoroughly the solid gratifications of the intellect and the legitimate pleasures of sense, as, to take one example open to all, in the midst of beautiful scenery, "the

¹⁴ Eccles. vii. 30.

peace of heart which surpasseth all understanding" is a factor of our enjoyment that no "culture" can at all supply for. A source of philosophic contentment amid the vexatious pinings of life is Rochefoucauld's reflection: "L'imagination ne saurait inventer tant de diverses contrariétés, qu'il y en a naturellement dans le cœur de chaque personne."

To return to our speculation on faith as essential to our mental constitution. The considerations we have made at least render it not improbable that the Being Who created us has not left us in the wretched helplessness we find ourselves in, when we strive to look beyond the phenomenal and fleeting world our senses bring us into communication with. We feel inclined at first, when we hear of Sir Isaac Newton comparing himself to a little child picking up pebbles on the beach, while the infinite ocean of knowledge lies before him, unknown and unknowable, to think that geniuses like saints speak of themselves with mysterious ignorance. When, however, we consider that the formed ideas of a genius differ from those of an ordinary man in this only, that what the one sees confusedly the other understands clearly, we shall see reason for believing that the great astronomer meant in simple truth what he said. But when by study and reflection we get to comprehend what the human mind can do, and what it cannot, where it is strong, and where it is almost impotent, we learn how sadly true the comparison is. Suppose a man endowed with all that knowledge which is peculiarly proportioned to the human intellect, and which we may fitly call phenomenal. He would comprehend all physical laws of the universe, possess mathematical science indefinitely more transcending what is now known than that transcends the finger and toe calculus of savages; he would be master of all tongues, ancient and modern, intimately acquainted with all literatures, and holding the key to the philosophy of all history; nevertheless, with so much, and incalculably more of the same kind of surface knowledge, if he were to consider a lily of the field or a pebble of the beach, he would be wholly incapable of coping with their rudimentary mysteries of being. Although he would know all manifestations of force, and the mathematics of all curves of infinite complexity described under the action of force, of force, as it is in itself, he would know nothing, or next to nothing. Overwhelmed by the sense of his helpless ignorance in regions where he most longed to penetrate, such a man, if left to himself, would find

that for him, as for his weaker brethren, "In much wisdom there is much indignation, and he that addeth knowledge addeth also labour."¹⁵ If such an intellect, human in kind, superhuman in degree, would still be on the lowest step, on the uttermost margin of science, what is to be said of men, as they are, the greatest of whom know but very little of very little corners of human knowledge?

And still our undying craving is to know. The more perfect or developed a man is, the more he longs for knowledge. For all that he finds himself, when developed to the utmost that reading, observation, and reflection can effect, a mere stump, a something in the intellectual order, that has every sign of never having been intended to be left in its own natural stumpy condition. Knowledge, the highest knowledge, we feel to be our end, yet, strive as we will, our intellects only recognize more and more clearly that they are stumps, requiring fashioning and perfecting from some external and superhuman source. Now the Church teaches what exactly falls in with and explains our painful experience. We were not intended to be left in a merely natural condition, with the natural knowledge and love of God for our supreme happiness, as philosophy unaided might teach; but we, as well as other intellectual creatures, were created to know and to love God, as He is in Himself, to have, as our ultimate end and reward of a well-spent probation, knowledge of the Infinite God, the most intimate which Omniscience and Omnipotence could devise. Our intellectual stumpiness is our greatest natural dignity; for our intellects are stumps possessing the ineffable potentiality of being perfected by, and participating in, the Divine nature, the Divine mind, the knowledge, which God has of Himself, and which is Himself. Naturally no creature, how sublime soever, could attain to any knowledge of the First Being, as He is in Himself. But God so loves His intellectual creatures that He would have them blessed, as He is Himself blessed, and so raises them to the infinite dignity of becoming sharers in His Divine knowledge.¹⁶ This elevation of man to a supernatural end could only be made known to him by revelation. By his own powers, previous to revelation, he could never so much as suspect that he was ultimately to be blessed with the blessedness of God

¹⁵ Eccles. i. 18.

¹⁶ This subject has been treated of in a very beautiful and thoughtful paper by the Rev. T. A. Finlay, MONTH, February, 1879. Art. "The Heaven of Christianity."

Himself. Knowledge, therefore, being our ultimate end, rational as we are, we must be guided to and formed for that end rationally, that is, according to the nature of rational creatures. In other words, some knowledge of the knowledge, which is the end we should aim at, must be placed before us. The mysteries, properly so called, contained in this revealed knowledge, infinitely transcend, but demonstrably do not contradict, the truths cognizable by unaided reason. God is the origin of all orders of truth, and consequently no truth can ever contradict another. Faith, and faith alone, enables us to share in this revealed knowledge as an inchoate possession of the Absolute, and preparation for full and perfect fruition. The omnipresent and omnipotent God, by Whom the hairs of our head are numbered, and Who cherishes us as the apple of His eye, by a special assistance enlightens our intellect and strengthens our wills, to embrace with absolute conviction, founded on His unerring word, these revealed doctrines, which bestow on us knowledge infinitely more valuable than all natural sciences and arts, namely, true and worthy ideas about God and ourselves. This special assistance is the gift of faith, without which it is impossible to please God, that is, as regards the merit of a supernatural life, for a pagan may do works pleasing to God in the natural order. The conviction of a believer with regard to the true faith is so complete that, although he knows he himself by his own wicked choice may fall away from it, and blind himself to its saving light, still he holds that all it teaches will ever remain immutably true. Whether we will submit our intellects or not to Divine revelation constitutes the groundwork of our probation in this life. The human mind is as the nave of a wheel, and they who deprive their soul of faith—

Take away her power,
Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,
And bowl the round nave down the hill of Heaven,
As low as to the fiends.

The evidence that our faith is founded on God's own testimony is most abundant and, to a well-disposed mind, overwhelming. No historical evidence can be said to be more clear, abundant, or convincing. The direct proofs, and the indirect, or the innumerable independent confirmations of the strict proofs, become more coherent, converging, and conclusive the more they are mastered and penetrated. This is the soul-satisfying experience of all fair-minded and competent students

of them. Grounded on this rational foundation, God's supernatural gift is ever at hand to enable us, *in accordance with our mental constitution*, to be always, and independently of reflex thought, immoveably fixed in our belief. The supernatural gift or habit of faith a Christian receives at baptism. Afterwards it will, in the ordinary course, through our own acts and the influence of others, be intensified, or diminished, or lost. It is the root and origin of all lasting good to us, as we know from Holy Scripture. Its diminution, and, incomparably more, its loss, is an inconceivably great calamity. The child with perfect facility, when the use of reason begins, firmly assents to the revealed truths proposed. Reasons suited to a child's comprehension are given when the inevitable "why?" is asked. As secular knowledge increases, profounder, or rather more explicit, arguments are supplied. The youth is taught that Divine faith is a treasure which must be guarded with as much delicacy as the virtue of purity. Difficulties are to be solved by learned and virtuous men; doubts are to be fled from as temptations against chastity are; for deliberate doubt is of its own nature a grievous sin against the supernatural virtue of faith, though of course from ignorance it may not be. Since we believe on God's testimony no difficulties should make us doubt. From the very weakness of our intellects it is clear that ten thousand difficulties, no matter how serious (always, of course, supposing no *evident* contradictions of doctrine), need not originate a single deliberate doubt. If, indeed, we believed on any other testimony than that of God, the advance of science would be liable to make us abandon one after the other our tenets, and so leave us miserable sceptics. But the God of Catholics is the God of Nature. We, therefore, are immovably secure, while the world tosses and heaves with its feverish craving after knowledge, that when got only makes it more keenly conscious of its wants and cravings. If the student takes care that his knowledge of the faith keeps abreast of his knowledge of natural subjects, there is no fear that the latter will corrode and dissolve the former. If he neglects his religion, and ventures recklessly upon a chartless ocean of speculation, his mind becomes strong, distorted, subtle, proud, and prejudiced, and the arguments that satisfied the undisciplined youth apparently collapse before the keen analysis of the cultured man, "who lost patience and forsook the right ways, and went aside into crooked ways." ¹⁷

¹⁷ Eccclus. ii. 16.

Never have men sifted evidence, analyzed the powers of the mind, investigated probabilities and possibilities, bearing on their all-important subject, as those really rational sceptics, Catholic theologians, have done. It may be said, that their peculiar motto has been, *Qui cito credit levis corde est et minorabitur*.¹⁸ Ancient and modern literature, science and philosophy, arts and manners, are made use of by them to corroborate and illustrate the truth of Christianity. They court investigation, and fear no discoveries, for their science is founded on the very words and principles spoken and revealed by God Himself.

Uneducated Catholics know that their teachers are able to answer all objections. They know that the Church teaches the same truths at all times and in all places. They know that never has she been proved to teach falsely. They know that her saints and doctors have been the greatest heroes and scholars the world has produced. They see around them that the practice of the faith makes men happy, or at least content, in the midst of sufferings, and kind and humble in the midst of prosperity. They know that all that is good in themselves is developed by it, and all that is evil suppressed. Sin and unbelief they know to produce endless misery and wickedness. Their faith is for them redolent of the truth. With God's constant help, promptings, and illuminations, they are fully and absolutely certain of the truth of Catholic doctrine. Without Divine faith the lot of the poor would be, and is, most piteous. Without it they can know little or nothing, are, generally speaking, the slaves of vice, and liable always to be mere tools in the hands of despot or demagogue. With the help of faith, they participate in the "high thoughts of the sons of God," in the truth that sets men free. Is it not a cruel mockery to maintain that such should inquire? If they are to be made free by the truth, it must come to them by faith. He Who has regard to the lowly, and repels the proud, gives to the simple poor faith, which, so to speak, almost ceases to be faith, so clearly and so strongly do they seize and realize the highest spiritual teaching.

How necessary Divine faith is for all men, the history of philosophy makes superabundantly clear. Never was it clearer than in our own sickly times. The principles of Protestantism and infidelity (radically they are one) have been, and are, setting Christendom completely out of joint, after the Catholic Church had well-nigh brought back that much of the world at least to a

¹⁸ Eccclus. xix. 4.

healthy intellectual condition. The adult and wholesome state of human society, intellectually considered, is not that of gloomy doubt and endless inquiry with regard to the great truths of man's moral nature, but that wherein the truth bestowed by the Founder of society is guarded, interpreted, and extrinsically evolved, according to legitimate modes, is shared in by each according to his condition, and handed on to generation after generation as their birthright. Nothing can compensate the generations yet unborn for the foul robbery that Protestantism and its progeny, Rationalism and Agnosticism, have perpetrated against them. Wilful man would take the management of the world, intellectually and morally, into his own hands. God, Who has prepared an infinitely wise and sweet way of healing and elevating our sick nature, allows His plan to be thwarted. He permits His rational and responsible creatures to act as their nature gives them power to do, and to entail on themselves and others the consequences of their acts. In the face of this appalling truth, we must remember that we are acquainted with but an extremely little of an extremely little corner of the universe, that God will judge each individual *equitably*,¹⁹ that the grand curve of the Divine scheme will be described in spite of the wilful aberrations of subordinate agents, and that for those who love the Almighty Ruler of the universe all things from Adam's fall and the world's rejection of truth to their own forgiven sins and present miseries will work together for their good. God's power is made manifest in our weakness, and our worth is educed from the midst of our miseries.

The wisest of men, having applied his heart to understand the distraction that is upon the earth, could find no reason of all those works of God that are done under the sun—"I have seen the trouble which God hath given the sons of men to be exercised in it. He hath made all things good in their time, and hath delivered the world to their consideration, so that man cannot find out the work, which God hath made from the beginning to the end."²⁰ Nevertheless, every thinking man, Christian or not, is musing upon these self-same works. We all know that the clearer and keener knowledge of our own ignorance will ever be the crown of our highest intellectual efforts. "Who is he among men that can know the counsel of God? or who can find out His designs? For the judgments of mortal men are hesitating, and uncertain are our thoughts. For the

¹⁹ Psalm ix. 9.²⁰ Eccles. iii. 10, 11.

corruptible body is a load upon the soul, and the earthly dwelling presseth down the mind that museth upon many things. And hardly do we guess aright at the things that are upon earth; and with labour do we find the things that are before us. But the things that are in Heaven, who shall search out?"²¹ Reflecting upon the majestic and mystic record of the physical globe in Genesis, and on the strange, fitful, and partial light thrown upon it by modern discoveries; upon the civilizations obliterated by the great flood; upon the later civilizations, which in Asia and Africa preceded and influenced the more congenial societies of Greece and Rome; upon the sad picture of the world painted in Holy Scripture, the history of the race who kept the truth as a grain of mustard-seed; upon the literatures, whose thought has developed and refined the human intellect; upon the remains of cultured peoples, whose very names are unknown; upon the upward strivings manifested in the midst of appalling wickedness and heartlessness, which everywhere meets us, and reflecting that we ourselves and our times and circumstances, are perhaps the most strange and mysterious of all generations, times, and circumstances passed; influenced by these thoughts and their emotions, we become to a certain extent—

The prophetic soul
Of the wide world dreaming on things to come.

And there is but one abode in the wide world where we may safely dream, nor fear a dread awakening. There, while musing and mourning over the distracted world that is going farther and farther out of the right ways into crooked ways, we may console ourselves with the certain knowledge that this scene of life, with its half-fledged purposes, its lofty and lame resolves, its piteous striving after ideals that break the earthen vessels they would fashion, its great soiled virtue, and its heavy, heavy cloud of evil, is but the base, the deep foundation, of a glorious fabric, in which an Almighty Architect will reconcile into one stupendous whole the parts which now *seem* mutually destructive.

WILLIAM A. SUTTON.

²¹ Wisdom ix. 13—16.

The School of Genre Painting.

No definition of the particular walk of art which goes by the name of "Genre Painting" presents a distinct idea before the mind, corresponding to that of historical, or landscape, or animal painting, unless, indeed, we were to characterize it as *domestic*. This word points to its chief feature, for it deals with the moods and scenes of common life; it analyzes for us and interests us in the labours and recreations, the troubles and follies of some class or other in society, and it hands down the history of these to succeeding generations. It is a branch of the strongly realistic school, and grew out of that, for it was the close study of nature which fostered the genius of Rembrandt; and Rembrandt may be called the first father of genre painting, though he was still more famous in landscape and portraiture.

As the aim of the new school of art was very modest, it has been slow in obtaining much public attention, or in winning any very general favour. In our own country, although English connoisseurs have been among the first to admire and buy up the best works of several foreign genre painters till then unnoticed, yet the most of these have found their way into private collections, leaving our public galleries but poorly supplied. The most important of such institutions, our National Gallery, has been, until within very recent years, particularly deficient in specimens of genre painting. Hence, the more observant and intelligent members of the middle class, who are beginning more and more to frequent our museums and different depositories of art, have not been trained as yet to read in these pictures the drama of their own every day life. It requires but a cursory glance to mark how these cabinet-sized paintings are almost universally passed by, as being too small, or too unsensational to be worth examining. Nevertheless, there is much in the character of such pictures which we might expect to appeal with better success to the sympathy of so home-loving a people as Englishmen are naturally, for their style originated in the

quiet life and simple, conservative habits of the bourgeois society of Holland during the seventeenth century. Now, while it is readily confessed that times are greatly changed since then, far more so with us than in the middle classes of Holland or Belgium, yet below the surface of social or political excitement passes a gentle current of thought and feeling, leading many persons, even of the lower class, steadily onward to a deeper interest in works of art, whether in music or painting.

The treatment, at the present moment, of the subject of genre painting has been chiefly suggested by the unpretending little volume of Mr. Frederick Wedmore's, in which, by means of careful consideration of the merits or demerits of certain painters of genre in Holland, France, and England, he gives a history of the progress of this school, and sets before us its leading characteristics.¹ The student may be considered safe under such guidance. There are, besides, other well-known sources whence valuable information, as regards both the style and paintings of each master, may be gathered. Among these it is useful to consult Bryan's *Dictionary of Painters and Engravers*, Smith's *Catalogue Raisonné*, Mr. Stanley's *Classified Synopsis of the Principal Painters of the Dutch and Flemish Schools*, Leslie's *Handbook for Young Painters*, the *Handbook of Painting*, by J. A. Crowe, with others similar. Mr. Wedmore has dwelt with loving care on his study of Rembrandt, of Terburg and Metsu, of Jan Steen, and lastly of Watteau. As the representatives of the English school of genre painting, he makes selection of Hogarth, Wilkie, and Leslie. His criticisms on Gerard Dow, Ostade, and Teniers are very caustic, and appear to us over severe.

We have already explained the reason for beginning a sketch of the rise of genre painting in Holland with the name of Rembrandt, though he himself does not properly belong to that school. He was born at Leyden on the 15th of July, 1607, and died at Amsterdam in the first days of October, 1669. The register of deaths and burials in the Westerkerk of that city duly contains the entry of his name and occupation. His father was a miller, but in comfortable circumstances; and though he himself during the course of his life was frequently in debt, and became bankrupt at last, his character is cleared by the Dutch author, P. Scheltema, from the stigma of many

¹ *The Masters of Genre Painting.* By Frederick Wedmore. London: Kegan Paul and Co.

scandalous anecdotes, while the story of his having died in a miserable condition is disproved. After passing several times between Leyden and Amsterdam, Rembrandt finally settled at the latter place in 1630, being twenty-four years old, and having already had Gerard Dow for his first pupil. It was probably at Amsterdam that he adopted the singular, yet wise, precaution of penning each of his pupils in a separate box or cell along the top story of his house, that in their work there might be no collusion nor copying from one another. The monetary difficulties of his middle age, though a sad and painful blow to him, did not deteriorate the skill and vigour of his work; his old age knew neither artistic decline nor heavy reverses. Rembrandt was the foster father of genre painting. From the guiding of his hand and the study of his masterpieces were developed and gradually brought to maturity the excellences of the future school, in triumphs of light and colour, to which even the master mind and hand had been strangers. Taking little heed of the points of beauty of form, and often of dignity in figure or expression, he rendered with a breadth and force true to nature the men and women before him, in whose faces were marked the lines of much thought, and care, and experience of the world. Having chosen a subject, he took as many figures as he wanted, arranged them simply according to the unity of design in his picture, and then poured round "the magic of his colours and the illusion of his chiaroscuro, to create the image of reality in the mind of the observer by the very mystification in which the composition was enveloped." Rembrandt was fuller of suggestion than imitation, especially in his marvellously executed etchings, which combine the most detailed expression of sentiment and character in feature, limb, and gesture with a perfect technical skill in the arrangement of colour and light, now bright and clear, now rich in deep browns and reds, now luminous in golden sunshine, now buried in impenetrable shadows. We shall see how a distinct school was evolved from Rembrandt's style, in the twofold manipulation of form and colour.

The history of the school itself is to be traced out rather in the less perfect or more perfect, the less varied or more varied gifts of individual painters of the same period, than in a distinct onward progress towards perfection of a fresh generation of painters, improving upon the past. These artists, with whose names we are more or less familiar, not only belonged

to the seventeenth century, but were grouped together towards the middle of it, and each one formed the centre of a little band of students and imitators. Of the first on our list, Peter de Hooch, or Hooge, very few particulars are known. It can only be said that he appears to have been born at Rotterdam, but at what date is quite uncertain. Some of his best pictures were painted in the year 1658, his marriage is chronicled as having taken place at Delft in 1654, where there is little doubt that he settled, for his name is entered on the guild roll, September 20, 1655; and in 1681 he died, most likely at Haarlem. Although his name does not occur amongst the immediate pupils of Rembrandt, and the novelty of his subjects and the originality of his style lead to the conjecture that De Hooch was self-instructed, yet an attempt has been made to connect him with Rembrandt, whose class he may have attended about the year 1650. There can be no doubt that he painted in the style of Rembrandt, having directed his attention chiefly to the study of light and shade. This was the initiative characteristic of the art of genre painting, and De Hooch illustrated it by his unparalleled success in depicting the subtleties of daylight and sunshine, in all their varieties of clear brilliance or subdued shade. He rarely attempts the effect of borrowed light, and his subjects are, for the most part, the interior of apartments, in which are ladies and cavaliers, richly habited and engaged in music, cards, or conversation. He also gives the backyards of houses and gardens, with parties drinking and smoking, views down streets, and similar scenes in the open air. He was the painter neither of character nor of figures. Thus his men and women fail to interest us, for his mind was wholly taken up with the poetry of light. He had neither the humour of Jan Steen, nor the kindliness of Maes, nor the suggestiveness of Metsu. But in his own peculiar line the delicacy of his touch was admirable when rendering each graduated reflection, each softest shadow which his eye so delicately noted. While preserving the truest harmonies, his colouring was always bright and transparent, his pencilling firm and free, and the accessories of his pictures arranged with perfect art. De Hooch remained unnoticed during his lifetime, but his merits have been since fully acknowledged, and English connoisseurs were the first to bring his paintings into favour.

To this artist succeeded in breadth of subject, but not in time, Jan van der Meer of Delft. He also is claimed to have been a pupil of Rembrandt, and he certainly was his grandson,

if not his son, in the consanguinity of art. He is mentioned here because he further developed that study of light, which was the first feature of the school. In his management of chiaroscuro he chose the deeper tones belonging to sunset scenes, the darkening twilight, the effect of light upon light, of reflected light on shadowed space, of the lustre of an object falling on some object or lustre near it. This was a still more minute and difficult representation of what is true in nature. As De Hooch's favourite colour was red, so that of Van der Meer was blue, and it is an especial criticism of Mr. Wedmore's, that this artist seems to have two styles, and that even in the same picture parts are coloured thinly and with great smoothness of handling, and parts have the surface broken with thick clots of colour. Another artistic advance in the works of this painter is that, though he introduces very few figures, there is a distinct expression in each, generally of one absorbed in household work, or the diligent plying of some craft. Again, though but rarely, Van der Meer has painted landscape, and he also tried his hand at portraiture, and in both succeeded with singular truthfulness and effect. In his outdoor scenes he wholly failed to attain the gem-like brilliance of De Hooch; but both in them and in his interiors he has, more than any other, shown himself the master of strong contrasts, painting in with as much vigour the sharp, bright effects of sunshine on each object that it falls upon, as he tones all these down in its gently modulated light on shaded wall and darkened recess. He was also singularly bold in approximating discordant colours, and triumphing over all the difficulties of local colouring and conflicting lights.

The progress of the art which depicted modest home scenes of human life, with minute attention to the accessories accompanying it, and their appearance under all the changing effects of light and shadow, is again marked in the works of Nicholas Maes, an undoubted pupil of Rembrandt. Born at Dordrecht, or Dort, in 1632, he entered the studio of his master in 1650, and his death is stated to have taken place in 1693. From 1650 to 1660 he devoted himself to the painting of genre subjects, after that period, unfortunately for his after-fame, his necessities drove him to portrait painting, in which he did not attain a level worthy of the genius shown in his earlier works. While Mr. Wedmore deplors this departure from the higher walk of his art, and speaks of Maes as one "who should have died young, for the immense achievements of his youth were never

supported by the works of his middle age," Smith's *Catalogue Raisonné* omits mention of his portraits altogether. All are familiar with the picture of the "Idle Servant," in the National Gallery; it is typical of the style of the artist. He is not the painter of action, but rather of repose and reverie, without, however, the slightest touch of feebleness or sentimentality. Though questions of light are carefully attended to, yet they do not usurp the chief place. A deeper expressiveness grows upon the features, greater prominence is given to a pleasant harmony of form and hue, the distribution of light has become simpler, the colouring is rich and warm rather than subtle. As Maes grew older, the thoughtful child or maiden of his pictures grew into the hard-wrought, careworn old woman of humble life and rude surroundings. In the character of the life portrayed by him he showed his fullest sympathy with his master Rembrandt; but while his flesh-colour was redder, and his shades blacker than those of his master, he carried to greater nicety the neutral tints between light and shadow, and following in the wake of those whom we have grouped with him, he perfected what Rembrandt had left incomplete.

We enter upon a new phase of genre painting when we come to the name of Gerard Dow, whom Mr. Wedmore relegates to the class of petty masters, and dignifies with the doubtful honour of being at their head. Yet Dow was, as we have seen, the first of Rembrandt's pupils, and that at the very early age of fifteen. It is, perhaps, to this fact that we owe the peculiarities of his style. Rembrandt began by very careful detail, and it was congenial to Gerard's mind and character to imitate his master with great closeness and elaboration. His pettiness consisted simply in the smallness of the scale on which he painted, in the number and minuteness of the details into which he entered, and in his care to realize what has been well called "the accurate prose of material things." His pictures are devoid of animated action, and bear with them no moral import, yet he was able to give a certain breadth and power to his minutiae which freed them from the stiffness of over-finish, and could not fail to please the eye. Notwithstanding the narrowness of his aim, Gerard Dow was a true artist, exact in observation, delicate in his touch, skilful in the arrangement of objects, rich and tender in his colouring, and faultless in execution. It should be granted that these different excellences indicate mind and character in the painter as truly as there is something in them which speaks

to the mind as well as eye of the beholder. The anecdote related of him, that he expended more than three days on the painting of a broomstick, scarcely gives an exaggerated idea of the labour bestowed on each separate detail, when we read still further that he paused several times upon each occasion before venturing to uncover or expose to the slightest dust the work on which he was employed, and the implements or colours which he used.

Although Terburg and Metsu were too near contemporaries with Dow, and too much raised above him in aim to be followers of his style, yet Dow was the first to strike out the path of minute imitation, and thus fitly introduces us to one of the leading features of their works. Gerard Terburg was born in 1608, at Zwolle, in the province of Over-Yssel. His family were in easy circumstances; he studied at Haarlem, passed on from that, and travelled through France, Germany, Italy, and Spain, visiting, as it is reported, England itself. But he returned unchanged to his own country and to the school of art which had been cradled and nursed in Delft and Leyden. He settled at Deventer, married, became a burgomaster, and died there in 1681. Terburg reproduced on his canvas the placid countenances, easy manners, and elegant dresses of the pleasant and refined persons among whom he passed his life. In his pictures, the first thing that strikes the eye is the exquisite painting of some lady's satin dress with its splendid ornaments, yet it never seems to be the main object of the picture, nor to be out of place; and the colouring is so pure, the pale hues so sweetly blended, the folds and ornaments of the dress so well arranged as to preserve the most perfect harmony. Terburg, however, does not stop here, he gives unfettered play to his skill in the discernment and exhibition of character, representing with adroit and easy grace the manners, occupations, and gestures of comfortable bourgeois society, relying rather on these to tell his tale than on the expression and features of his countenances. This painter was also among the first to link together the acts of some domestic story in successive pictures. Thus, in the Dresden Gallery are two designs of his, in one of which an officer writes a letter, while a trumpeter is waiting to carry it to its destination; in the other, a girl, dressed in white satin, is washing her hands in a basin held for her by a maidservant. At Munich there is evidently the third picture of this series, in which the young lady, owing to the presence of her maid, whose attitude

expresses disapproval, hesitates to accept the letter proffered to her by the messenger. At Amsterdam (besides copies at Berlin and in Bridgewater House) is the fourth link in the story, "Le Conseil Paternel," telling how the servant has betrayed the affair to the girl's parents, while the young lady, whose back is suggestively turned to the spectator, is receiving the paternal correction. May not the sequel to this drama be given in the picture of the Hague Gallery which represents an officer receiving a letter from a trumpeter, while he talks confidentially to a young lady by his side.

Gabriel Metsu is closely associated with Terburg in date of birth, in rank of life, in the choice of his subjects, and in his manner of delineating them. While he brought genre painting to still greater perfection, he rarely followed Terburg into the region of portrait painting. The dates of Metsu's birth and death are equally disputed by good authorities; that of the former varies from the year 1615 to the more probable date, 1630. Bürger would place his death in 1667, Balkema in 1669, while Crowe's *Handbook of Painting* states that he was still alive in 1667. Metsu was born in Leyden, settled at Amsterdam, and did not begin to paint until several years after Terburg. As compared with the latter, he was freer of hand, more profound and expansive in conception, and truer in his dramatic sympathy. He gathered in his subjects from the homely scenes of the inn and the market-place, as well as those of higher society; he added to the expressiveness of his figures by throwing life and character into each feature, each movement of the hand, the pose of the head and of the whole body; above all, he lighted up his groups as much by an air of genial humour and cheerfulness as by his bright reds judiciously toned down with brown or hues of silvery grey and blue. Mr. Wedmore's judgment is that "the variety of Metsu is seen in Paris, his perfection even better in London. We see him more nobly and more truly in the Peel collection or at Buckingham Palace." And as a sample of this quality of truthfulness in conception and execution, he notices that in the well-known picture, "The Duet," "the fingers of the musician are tuning a violin, while the very eyes are almost closed, the better to listen to the daintiest differences of sound; the senses are shrunk and concentrated, as it were, upon those two only, of exquisite hearing and exquisite touch, the head and hand of the musician being marvels of accurate and sensitive gesture."

Leyden gave birth, in 1626, to another great genre painter in the person of Jan Steen, and he had the widest range, the heartiest humour of them all. He was the personal friend of Metsu, so that mutual intercourse and congeniality of spirit brought their genius as painters into still closer accord. Steen owed his variety of subject and breadth of handling chiefly to the sympathy of his heart for all classes, characters, and ages, down to the simplicity and varying humours of little children. He came of a family of brewers, his grandfather having been one, and his father carried on the same business at Leyden. The habits and associations of such a life combined well with the lessons of Ostade in 1644, at Haarlem, to familiarize his mind with scenes of free joviality, and often worse. But he never lost the individuality of true genius, and while still young, transferred himself to Delft, and to the staid instructions of Jan van Goijen, who not only chastened the tone of his colouring, but also steadied his morals by giving him his daughter to wife. Another daughter was married to Adrian van Ostade, so that the ties of art were combined with those of consanguinity all round. After his wife's death Steen married a second time, and died in his native city and in his own house, in 1679, while enjoying fair means of subsistence. He was a Catholic to the last, and though often suspected by writers since his death to have formed inveterate habits of drunkenness and immorality, his memory is cleared from the imputation by the artistic care and firm pencil with which his latest pictures were drawn. He was at once a moralist and a satirist, but ever mingled comedy, high or low, broad or gentle, with the lesson of warning or reproof which he sought to convey. Through the means of careless merriment he intimates the consequences of indulgence. Among his school he is the especial painter of the charms of youth and the dignity of old age, which in his hands must be ever active. Steen thoroughly understood the thoughts and habits of children, and he paints them with their own native grace, simplicity, and liveliness. His young men and women are, not studies, but true to nature, well formed, vivacious, and intelligent, without any affectation of prettiness. In the composition of his paintings he may be considered faultless, he was a perfect draughtsman, and his colouring was smooth, rich, and transparent.

In these points of technical skill in the practice of the art Adrian van Ostade is deservedly classed with Jan Steen.

Under this head he had more varied abilities, he has left behind him the most admirable etchings and engravings, and was, towards his old age, as completely accomplished in the newer work of water-colour drawing as in the more familiar business of oil painting. In the arrangement of the characters and distribution of the objects and accessories which he painted everything is made to contribute to the perfection of the composition, to union in colour, and the magical truth of the distribution of lights and shadows, in all these excellences he was at the head of his profession, and owed much to his study of the colouring of Rembrandt. Mr. Wedmore, while acknowledging to the full the technical perfection of his work, does perhaps scant justice to his feeling and motive in some of his pictures, or to the kind of admiration which they awaken in the beholder. Thus, during the very time that he habitually painted scenes in which boors and sots are engaged in drinking, smoking, and amusing themselves with games of cards and other pastimes suited to their uneducated natures, his own habits of life were well ordered and domestic, as appears by several compositions in which his family circle forms the subject. And besides drawing our attention to this fact, Mr. George Stanley well observes how rich is the diversity of character shown among the players and lookers on, investing each group with a life, variety, and harmony, that over-persuades disgust into admiration. Nor are there wanting subjects of a higher grade, such as the alchemist's laboratory, the lawyer's office, the market, the village fair, the skittle-ground, the school-room, with their more sober and varied details of character and event. But Ostade's highest claim to our praise is his more developed use of water colour in the painting of his interiors. Here Mr. Wedmore admires less grudgingly: "Rich and mellow," he writes, "tender and luminous, beyond all that has thus far been acknowledged, was the great work of Ostade in the English art of water colour." Recent investigation proves that this painter was not a German, born at Lübeck, but a true Dutchman of Haarlem, where his birth took place in 1610, where he studied under Frank Hals, and where he died at the ripe age of seventy-five. However versatile and prolific an artist we have in another painter, David Teniers, the younger, he did not institute any advance in the quality of the work done by his fellow-countrymen. He was as closely allied to Ostade in style and choice of subjects as he was in the date of his birth and the great age to which he

lived. When thus compared, his distinctive marks are facility and ease, a greater dignity of subject and treatment, a truer sympathy with the charm of rural scenery, and the introduction of something of decorative art. As with Ostade, some of Teniers' best works are to be found in our English galleries.

From this celebrated group of painters, and masters of schools, each of whom contributed his share to create the art of genre painting, within the limits of the same country and century, either by adding a new excellence to those already developed, or by forming some new combination of these from his single pencil, we now turn to the rise of genre painting in France in the works of Antoine Watteau. The genius that originates very frequently springs up from the humbler ranks of life, and Watteau was the child of a tiler of Valenciennes, born in the autumn of 1684. While almost a youth he came to Paris, where he first gained his livelihood by copying the copies of original works. From this he passed on to scene painting under Gillot, to decorative designs under Claude Audran. The pictures by Rubens in the Palace of the Luxembourg first fired his soul, while its gardens gave him his earliest ideas of the artificial landscape of alleys and parterres. The untrained admirer of pictures in the vague would probably describe Watteau as a very Frenchified and very affected painter of dainty ladies and gentlemen gorgeously attired, and idling away their time in the midst of very stiff garden scenery. The description would in part be true, but it would miss almost the whole of Watteau's real meaning and real merit. Like many originators, he at first was neither understood by others nor fully understood himself, and the picture which he presented before the Academy in 1712 for the prize that would take him to his long-desired Italy, paved the way for his prompt admission into the Academy itself. The first patron to detect his profound delineation of human character was M. de Julienne. Watteau was not only, as we might think, an eye observer, he was an ardent reader of books. With failing health and the fever of travel, he came to London in 1719; but the English climate soon drove him back to Paris, and removing to a little distance from it, he died in the house of the Abbé of Nogent, at the early age of thirty-seven.

With the same delicate precision with which the Dutch genre painters had reproduced the manner and gesture of the models before them, did Watteau render the refined vivacity

and exquisite grace of Parisian society. For the delineation of character, Mr. Wedmore declares that we must go, not to his painted work, but to his drawings; there we shall find not so much one passion singled out, as the trace and track of many passions, sufferings, likings, and gentle thoughts. Other qualities and charms his paintings acquired, in precision of figure, drawing, grace of action, and harmony of grouping. In colouring he is said to have excelled every painter of his country. It is fresh and rich in noble hues, golden and brown, and crimson and grey. These no doubt he learnt when he took Rubens for his model, but he studied also the Venetian masters, and probably gained from them much of the brilliant tints of his dresses, his tender carnations, and bright-green verdure. It is painful to know that the designer of merry groups, and pastoral scenes, of balls and masquerades, was himself a sad and melancholy man, restless in mind, enfeebled in body, and a lover of solitude. There is but little evidence of this in his pictures, and yet a grim humour sometimes creeps forth, as when he represents a procession of doctors, apothecaries, and their patients moving in pairs to the churchyard. The art of Watteau extended itself to the depicting bourgeois life, and this chiefly in his drawings, as hints thrown out. Among such sketches is a French beggar-woman, basket in hand; and again the dragging, half-drunken figure of a youth wasted by debauchery. It was a very opposite taste which led him to introduce frequently into his drawings the faces of actors and singers, and of such friends as were especially cheerful and pleasant. His sketches reveal Watteau's mastery over the essential characteristics of the nude figure, as well as his success in drawing children with fullest appreciation of their little ways and humours, and in giving all its intelligence and intensity of feeling to early girlhood. One such sketch presents a maiden of refined and admirable beauty, drawn with exquisite ease and grace, and full of expression. No doubt these qualities should raise Watteau much in the esteem of those who have judged of him only by a passing glance at his *fêtes champêtres*, nearly all of them may be found united in his great masterpiece of the Louvre, the "Embarquement pour Cythère."

The followers of Watteau in genre painting were really imitators, and added no new feature to the school. Lancret practised decorative art more than his master, and like him observed decorum in his rendering of *sujets galants*. Pater was

a fellow-townsmen of Watteau, his friend and pupil, a painter of very kindred sentiment. He excelled perhaps in a somewhat superficial precision and daintiness of handiwork, and does not rise much above simple prettiness of face and comeliness of form. Chardin had more originality, and was a painter of still-life, which he interpreted with a significance, giving real point and interest to his combinations of objects and colour. In the second phase of his art, namely domestic scenes, he depicts decent middle-class life, its serious duties and most ordinary occupations. Fragonard, an artist of a wholly different temperament, varied his work between portrait, landscape, and genre painting. In the last he records the light emotions, the impetuous desire of the moment, with delicacy and vivacity, but without much precision or depth. His grace of posture he doubtless acquired from his study of Venetian art. Like Watteau he was more effective in his drawings, though even here he cares more to suggest than to realize.

English genre painting commenced with its greatest master, Hogarth, who stands alone for fertility, ingenuity, and technical skill. While the works of companion or more recent artists crack and fade, his are as fresh to-day as though they had just left his easel. His canvas tells its story of life with a completeness and vividness unknown to the Dutch artist. While the latter generally copies but what he saw, Hogarth constructs his picture from his rich store of past observation and experience, and thus, in their several ways, both point out to us the vices and follies common to all civilized society, in its different grades. There is no difficulty in detecting the resemblance of Hogarth to Jan Steen. Again, while Hogarth was so thoroughly English in sentiment, his design was much influenced by the French, from his knowledge of Watteau, and his acquaintance with French artists and engravers. Hence the piquancy, freedom, and yet precision of his handling in the "Beggar's Opera," and still more plainly in the "Mariage à la Mode." As with the Dutch painters, his colour was all his own, fresh yet subdued, bright but harmonious. As he was less faithful in transferring the object or material to canvas, so his colouring was less perfect than that of the genre work of Holland, but in England it has had few equals. After the manner of Terburg, he has continued his story in a succession of pictures, a method to which artists of the present day seem inclined to recur. The only other painters classed by Mr. Wedmore along with Hogarth

are Wilkie and Leslie, the former of whom he surpassed in the sense and application of colour, as much as he excelled the latter in the appreciation of harmony.

David Wilkie had two most distinct and opposite styles, the result of his travels abroad. Other genre painters had travelled and yet returned to their first love, Wilkie never did; but fortunately he had done most of his work previously. The feeling of his earlier pictures leads us back from Hogarth to the school of the Dutch humourists, a more gentle and refined satire than Hogarth's, or than even that of Jan Steen or Ostade. He entered with thorough enjoyment into innocent amusements, and the ease and simplicity of his conception makes us forget how much observation and professional study were required to produce its pleasing effects. Mr. Wedmore thus pronounces on the celebrated painting of "Blind Man's Buff," painted in 1811: "It is, in all save absolute exquisiteness of colour, as pretty a genre picture as we may see. It is alive and a-sparkle; the tone harmonious; the composition finely ordered, yet of apparent spontaneity, so that it does not suggest composition at all; the movements and gestures taken happily from life; certain groups, as that of which the white-capped, yellow-skirted girl is the centre, being of the most ingenious invention and the most pointed portrayal."

Charles Robert Leslie is the last English master of genre named by Mr. Wedmore, who calls him the gentlest and most refined of all our humourists, too much so indeed to be entirely popular; nor was his painting a pure specimen of the school, for he involved his works in the unreality of romance. We miss from Mr. Wedmore's pages the names of Poole and Mulready, so genial, happy, and popular in their genre subjects.

In truth, a history of English genre painting must at this date be very incomplete. Even in the old walks such names of living artists rise to the mind as Goodall and the two Faeds, as Webster in his merry scenes of schoolboy life, as Burr and Pettie, while younger painters are striking out new paths in humorous illustration of human passions, and of the tastes and habits of modern society.

J. G. MACLEOD.

Lingerings in German Cities.

CHAPTER III.

BERLIN AND POTSDAM.

THE railway journey from Hanover to Berlin is not particularly interesting. However, it is something to come across an old friend of former days, the Elbe, and to know that we are approaching, though by a somewhat circuitous route, the cisalpine capital of painting, Dresden, with which that beautiful river is so closely associated. We make this bend in our journey that we may revisit the capital of the German Empire, and linger awhile in Berlin. Indeed, we feel that we owe an apology to that fine city for the curt remarks we made upon it some five years ago, when hurrying through it in wet weather and at the end of a long tour, we had not time to make its acquaintance, and so judged off-hand and unfavourably of what we could but glance at. But now we are going to give a whole week to it and its surroundings; and of course in seven days we shall know all about it, and give our matured judgment. Some such thoughts as these flit through our mind as the train bears us along, and if we do not blush, as of course we ought to do, we at any rate laugh at our own presumption, which dreams of doing so much in time so little. And now that we are startled to see in print this exhibition of our conceit, shall we scratch it out, and so save our reputation? No. We will let it stand; for what is an author if he is not honest, and what is the value of notes of travel unless they are genuine?

Here we are once more at Berlin. We enter under the grand triumphal arch which does duty as an entrance-gate to the Empire capital. It is not quite a century old, but it has a venerable look, at least after dashing by the bran-new column of victory which stands in the intervening Thiergarten—that remnant of the large forest which once inclosed Berlin, but which now limits itself to a suburb, and allows itself to be carved into broad drives and shady alleys, and so tamed down

into civilization and in accordance with the modern ideas which are embodied about it.

We drive under one of the five arches of this German copy of the Propylæa of Athens—not the centre arch, for that is reserved for royalty—and find ourselves in the world-renowned Unter den Linden. “Under the lime trees” sounds pleasant enough, and quite in keeping with the remnant of the old forest outside. Indeed, this avenue of limes (and chestnuts) is a part of that venerable fragment: a limb, as it were, of the old giant who, standing at the gate, has thrust in an arm of bright leafiness amid the surrounding palaces, as though it would fain reach the royal residence beyond, and clasp hands with one as stout-hearted and vigorous in old age as the grim forest which guards his capital.

The Linden has plenty of room for its double avenue of trees as well as for the broad foot and road ways which adorn it, for it is one hundred and sixty-five feet wide. There is the broad gravel walk down its centre, a carriage-drive on each side under the trees, and beyond them two other wide roads flanked with broad pavements. Nor are the houses out of keeping or proportion with the grand street itself. Palace succeeds palace on each side of the way: private residences, public offices, good hotels, and handsome shops fill up the intervals between, and a crowd of carriages and foot passengers give life and animation to a scene which cannot fail to make a favourable impression upon a visitor, at least when the weather is fine; for your town trees depend entirely upon the weather for their effectiveness, and are anything but bright and pleasing amid rain and mud. So if you would see the Unter den Linden “aright,” you must visit it when the weather is bright; and perhaps it would be well so to time your visit, that the trees may still have their green brightness, and not to trust to autumn effects, which are unusually depressing in street avenues. The proper thing to do, of course, would be to drive slowly down the Linden, across the royal bridge, and, it may be, through some of the principal streets: and this would give a very good idea of Berlin, in a general way. But who when he arrives from a railway station, with his luggage piled around him, and with a certain amount of uncertainty as to hotel or lodgings, ever has sufficient self-control to think of general impressions, and to do the accordant proper thing? So we, with the rest of the world, defer the first impression to a future day, and turn off

into another street to find an hotel which has been recommended by the guide-book. The Aachiner Hof in Französische Strasse—the sound pleases us, and so we record it in gratitude—we find to be pleasant and inviting, and the only drawback to its hospitality is that it will provide us with nothing either to eat or drink. This gives us quite a new sensation. We are, it seems, to be thrown entirely upon our own resources. And here we are, Germans for the time being, in French Street, with full powers and absolute necessity to “requisition” for ourselves. So *beschlag* is the order of the day, as it was not many years ago nearer Paris. Of course we observe the German rule, and pay for what we requisition; while to people who are accustomed to hotels of the usual kind, these household duties have at least the charm of novelty.

We soon grow accustomed to the new style of life, and find it pleasant enough; and if it has the questionable disadvantage of cutting us off from fellow-tourists, it serves to throw us more completely among the Berliners, and to make us, by our very solitude, somehow feel more at home. Thus faced, life in Berlin is not expensive; and for a city it is wonderfully rustic. Gardens are everywhere: not only in the suburbs, but in the very heart of the city itself.

There is perhaps scarcely a street in Berlin in which there are not several dining-houses, entered down long passages or under broad archways, with the inevitable garden, with its green arbours, its lofty colonnades, its raised terraces, its sociable or solitary tables, and all the requirements which go to constitute a pleasant, breezy, flowery, greeny dining-room. And then the welcome met with: not only from the courteous host, who bows at your passing, and from the active waiters, who seem to find an ever-renewed pleasure in attending upon you—especially when you have visited the place before and have left a trifling memorial behind—but from the birds, who flit from tree to tree and swoop down upon you as soon as you have seated yourself, and wait patiently and not too timidly for the crumbs, which they consider to be their requisitions.

Then, again, in the evening, when supper-time comes—for an early dinner makes the supper an essential of German life—the garden scene repeats itself, but on a grander and more attractive scale. Music is as certain to be ready as the cheerful meal itself; and coming together, these indeed increase the mutual attraction—

Each lends to each a double charm,
Like pearls upon an Ethiop's arm.

There is a great variety, of course, in the entertainments in these supper-gardens. Music for every taste, and places for every class. We tried many, but nowhere did we see or hear anything that could offend. All classes enjoyed themselves: some were loud, and others sedate; some came for the music, and others for the supper; and each attended especially to the chief object. Some wanted classical music, some had military tastes, and there were others given to waltz and polka, and each one could get what he wanted, either mixed or simple—all of his favourite sort, or proportionally combined. Many places were simply dining-gardens, with an evening band added; but others had special attractions.

The Zoological Garden lies in the Thiergarten, about two miles outside the Brandenburg Gate—but is brought nearly home by more than one tram-line. People are supposed to visit it for study in the morning, but in the evening it is a charming spot. The royal collection was sent hither from Potsdam—for German royal residences were hardly considered perfect without royal beasts, birds, and fishes, as Vienna still testifies—and since then it has grown to grand dimensions. Houses, cages, inclosures, ponds, tanks, are there in abundance, and spread in wide ranges under goodly trees and over pleasant slopes. But down each side of the principal avenue, in the very heart of the sylvan scene, are planted tables and chairs innumerable; while others creep up a grassy slope until they reach a broad terrace whereon stands the great Restauration for the uncaged carnivores, and from which at the acres of tables hungry bipeds below find "feeding time" at all hours. A fine orchestra is judiciously placed to discourse exquisite music for those who obtain chairs (and tables) near it; and at times its harmonies swell up and undulate to the more scientific supperers who care not to be too much distracted by it in their more serious avocations. A brighter scene, or one more decorous, could hardly be desired. Zoology acquires a new charm amid such surroundings, and Berliners certainly turn to much better account than Londoners do, the beautiful gardens which grace the suburbs of their cities.

Another garden of a somewhat similar character is what is called the Flora Etablissement, Palmen und Blumengärten in Charlottenburg, also in the same quarter, but rather more

distant from Berlin. Sure enough there are the palms and flowers promised, but the large gathering of visitors is wanting. The music is good, but the place looks cold and grim, and we are not sorry to tram home again to Französische Strasse.

Two evenings were most pleasantly spent in Sommer's Salons und Garten, in quite another quarter of the city. Our first visit was on a fine Sunday evening, when a performance of no ordinary character was in the garden. Indeed it was what is truly called a Sinfonie Concert: the artists being the members of the celebrated Berliner Sinfonie-Kapelle, one of the first bands of instrumentalists in Germany. As their name expresses, they devote themselves to the execution of symphonies, not of course exclusively, but chiefly, and this evening we have Schumann's in D flat, and Schubert's in C sharp—which two occupied the greater part of the evening. Such a performance for less than a shilling is a thing to be marvelled at and longed for: so we were careful to come again on the following Wednesday, when we were promised a Beethoven night. Wednesday was one of our few wet days in Berlin, so we were not surprised to find arrangements made for a Salon performance. There was plenty of room for the large orchestra and for the larger audience that enjoyed the intellectual treat. The programme contained five pieces only: the two overtures to *Fidelio*, two symphonies, No. 7 (A sharp) and No. 8 (F sharp), and the quartett variations in A sharp. Anything more exquisite than the rendering of these great works of the greatest of composers could hardly be imagined. A society of real musicians devoting themselves constantly to music of so high a character, and thus understanding and sympathizing with one another, and entering, as can only in this way be done, into the spirit of Beethoven, produces a result which cannot be expected, and can hardly be hoped for, elsewhere. So the visitors to Berlin have music enough, and of every class, at their command, under circumstances of comfort and enjoyment, and at a cost so small, that they must indeed be hard to please if they go away discontented.

The Opera was not open, and we preferred outdoor entertainment to any the smaller theatres could furnish.

There are many fine streets in Berlin which it would be difficult to match in any European capital: fine are they, not only in length and breadth, but also in their noble and varied architecture. Here is none of that wearisome uniformity which

makes Paris so monotonous, in spite of its many architectural beauties. Grand proportions do not here repeat themselves, and so houses have an individual character and are unique, and yet in harmony with their neighbours, like polished men who may be original and yet not offensively eccentric.

Perhaps the Unter den Linden is the most frequented street, for among its many attractions are some of the best hotels; and, moreover, it contains many fine public buildings, which show to advantage from amid the lime trees. But beyond it, when the trees cease, begins as noble and as richly adorned a collection of palaces as can well be imagined. There, when the long avenue has been traversed, and the broad street seems to grow wider but really does not, stands the colossal group out of and above which Rauch's celebrated equestrian statue of Frederick the Great rises. It is forty-two feet in height, in three stages, with allegorical figures; scenes from the life of the King in low relief are on the upper section; four equestrian statues are at the corners of the middle portion, with numerous life-sized groups between; while on the base are the names of great men, chiefly soldiers of the time of Frederick. It is worthy of its grand position, and of the double row of buildings which here begin. On the right is the Palace of the Emperor, at the corner of a square which takes its name from the Opera House that fills the side opposite to the Palace. It is a noble building, but not shut off from the street, as royal residences generally are. The side in the square has a small garden in front, and immediately behind the trees, on the ground-floor, resides the Emperor.

A queer building adjoins the Palace, also in the Opern Platz, which is the Royal Library; but who can blame the architect, Unger, when Frederick himself gave a cabinet with drawers as a model! If great monarchs will be eccentric, we must accept what they give us, especially when they make compensation with such fine buildings as the Opera House opposite. But we have more to thank Frederick for than this; for in a corner of the same square stands the Catholic Church of St. Hedwig; but this time Rome furnished the model in the Pantheon, and if the circular form is ill-fitted for Catholic functions, it at least affords much space for the several congregations which we found filling it to the doors for the Sunday Masses, which followed one another in quick succession, and made entrance almost as difficult as exit. And thus we pass

round the Platz, and find ourselves once more in the main street. We look across the broad way of one hundred and sixty-five feet, and there, directly opposite the Emperor's Palace, stands the University buildings, formerly the Palace of Prince Henry, which Frederick William the Third gave for its present use, and where there are two thousand students. On its left is the kindred institution, the Academy building, where art and science have their learned societies. Without pausing to describe the five statues with which Rauch has graced the Opern Platz—for statues are so numerous, and heroes, especially military ones, are so plentiful in Berlin that they would require a chapter at least for themselves—the eye runs on to the Royal Guard House (Königswache), which Schinkel designed as what is called a Doric Roman Castrum. Here we pause, and then hasten across, for the sounds of military music invite and nobly entertain us. When the music is over, we continue our walk; and now we pass the Arsenal, or Admiralty as we should call it, though it is much more than this, for it contains a large store of arms. Opposite to it, and next to the Opera, is the Palace of the Prince Imperial, and as such has an especial interest in our eyes; for there dwells our own Princess Royal, in the midst of works of art and with souvenirs of Old England about her.

And now comes a right noble bridge over anything but a right noble river. The Spree does not, in truth, appear to advantage here, even if it does anywhere else, which it may do for anything we know; but the bridge fortunately makes amends for the river, and distracts attention from what does not invite it. The Palace Bridge (Schloss Brücke) was designed by Schinkel, and is adorned with eight groups in marble, over life size, which illustrate the life of a warrior. Victory teaches the boy his history, Minerva instructs the youth in the use of arms, then she presents his weapons to the warrior, Victory crowns the conqueror, then she raises him when wounded, then she incites him to new contests, then she protects and aids him, and at the last Iris conducts the victorious fallen warrior to Olympus. Such is the story which tells itself in groups, that are of considerable beauty. There is a unity of design and yet a variety in conception, for each one is by a different artist. And now the Palace Bridge leads us to another and more ancient palace on our right hand, which carries us back to the old Electors and the familiar style of Residenz, and before it stretches the ancient Lustgarten, which modern improvements have turned

into a noble square, with the poor Cathedral which Frederick built for the Protestants when he raised St. Hedwig's for his Catholic subjects. Attempts have been made to give it some importance by adding two towers with domes, but it would not do—and now the Royal Museums have quite put it out of countenance, which they would do to a much superior building, a reflection that may perhaps afford some consolation to the dreary old pile. We spare our readers any fresh account of the double Museum, old and new, but we must say a word or two about the new National Gallery which was opened in 1876. It is only a part, but a very noble part, of a grand design which the late King had of grouping together the art institutions of Berlin. On a basement, thirty-nine feet in height, rises a Corinthian pseudo-peripteros.¹ In front is a portico of eight columns, with a grand flight of steps leading up to it; the back is an apse. The most striking feature in this modern collection is the group of cartoons for the Campo Santo, to which Cornelius devoted his whole Berlin life, from 1841 to 1867, when he died. The frescoes were intended to extend over the entire four walls of the Campo Santo, and to represent the Redemption, the Mission of our Blessed Lord, the Sway of the Church, and the Last Judgment. In a second saloon are his cartoons for the Glyptothek at Munich, and thus the two principal rooms are devoted to one great man, of whom Berlin is naturally proud, just as we honour our own Turner in the National Gallery.

These Cornelius saloons are in themselves quite a study of German art in its highest aspirations and its noblest daring. We have nothing like them in our London National Gallery, grand as are our rooms, for their strength and character lie in their unity of design and directness of purpose. The work of the best part of the life of the greatest of fresco painters is here, and for it a fitting shrine has been devised by one who stands but little below him on the roll of honour. Bendemann has painted those portions of the lofty walls which are not covered by the cartoons of Cornelius. His design was to illustrate the composition of a work of art. And how has he done this? Not by groups of men with realistic pictures of the progress

¹ According to Vitruvius, a peripteral temple had a portico of six columns in front and a detached colonnade of eleven columns on each side of the cell (like the Parthenon), while a pseudo-peripteral temple was similar to this, with the breadth of the cell increased, so that the side walls became united with the columns of the lateral colonnade. This latter is an arrangement evidently much better fitted for a picture gallery, where much light is required.

of a work; but by allegorical figures which typify the mental qualifications which go to form the real artist. And therefore we have Grace, Peace, Poetry, Investigation, Humility, Enthusiasm, Strength, and Joy, which surely are to be found in their fruits in the works of Cornelius. And so the mind is prepared to enter into the study of the cartoons thus introduced; and indeed some of the virtues here represented are needed to carry one through the investigation. For Cornelius was a deep thinker, and worked out his thoughts with no little elaboration. Indeed, he has himself drawn clue-sketches, that the connection between the different pictures may be clearly understood, anxious as he naturally was that the mental and physical work of twenty-six years might not be lost to the student of art, be the Campo Santo built or not.

Without attempting to describe the pictures, it will be enough to explain his plan. Each large picture is surmounted by a lunette in a semicircle, and has a narrow painting at the bottom, in which the subject of the great work is illustrated and explained by ingenious allusions. Between these triple groups are placed eight others setting forth the Beatitudes of the Sermon on the Mount.

Fresco painting is cultivated with good effect and much success in most of the modern buildings in Berlin; and if the process varies somewhat from earlier work, it has a better promise of a longer life, for there is a freshness about these that have now been finished for some years, which bear no token of that cracking and fading, or that dying away into the wall, which gives such a ghastly look to the dim shadows that haunt our Parliament corridors in Westminster.

This style of art seems specially adapted to the German mind, affording as it does so wide a field for a rapid pencil, and so large a scope for the development of the grandest ideas and the realization of the noblest conceptions. Truly if Munich was the birthplace of modern art in this its noblest form, Berlin is now its recognized home: and so it comes to pass that the career of Cornelius illustrates the history of his art, and seems to have passed with him to Berlin from Munich.

A day is well spent in a visit to Potsdam. The train runs in less than an hour, and lands you at Potsdam or carries you on to Wildpark. We are advised to go to Wildpark, we do not exactly understand why; so to Wildpark we go. It lands us at the entrance of a pleasant avenue, which we enter through

the park gate. A bright morning it is, the sun plays through the broad branches of the trees and fleckers the gravel walk with dancing light. The air is fresh, and we begin at once to like Potsdam, for though of course the city is not in sight, we feel that we are under its influence. The avenue ends with a grander gate, but this is locked, and a sentinel guards it. Not far inside stands the New Palace—more than a century old—with its side turned to us, its front to a long avenue which leads to Sans Souci, and its back to what is called the Communs'. Our closed gate opens on the drive between them, and so we have the Palace to our right and the other palace (for such it seems) on our left. We have plenty of time to take our distant view, and we are not much impressed with the splendours of either. A long façade, with returning wings, is the ground-plan of the palace of two stories, and is common-place enough; but the somewhat quaint massing of what is now a barrack has more character. The barrack is a training-school, to which all the infantry regiments send contingents, so that a uniformity of drill may prevail. Other visitors come up, and when we are sufficiently numerous an official appears, the gate is opened, the sentinel retires, and we are led up to a garden window-entrance in the end of the main building. We are marshalled in order—everything in Potsdam is military—another window opens, and a higher official sells us admission-tickets at a shilling a head. Then the window closes, the door opens, and the same official takes our tickets away, we put on list slippers, and slide on as best we may. At first the slippers are fine fun: they are too large to fit any human being, even some country people who come in with us cannot expand their feet and heavy boots to the full dimensions; we are lost in them: they either will not move on at all, or they suddenly shoot ahead and leave us behind, so we stick in the way and tumble forwards, or lose them and tumble backwards: it seems as difficult and almost as dangerous to beginners as rinking. We are not shown the upper rooms, for they are occupied by our Princess Royal and her Imperial husband. We shuffle and slide from room to room until we reach the Grotto Saloon, which is thoroughly Frederick-the-Great-ish, if we may venture to coin a word which is very useful at Potsdam. It is a quaint idea which the King has carried out regardless of expense. And why? for Frederick was rather sparing of his money generally, and was very careless about his own surroundings; and, moreover, when he began this

New Palace in 1763, he was more than ever in want of money, having reached, as was supposed, the end of his means and of the Seven Years' War at the same time. Wraxall, who visited Potsdam in 1777, and whom Frederick refused to receive, marvels at the useless outlay, and sneeringly remarks, "Was it not done in order to convince all Europe that the long, ruinous, and expensive war which he sustained, had neither impoverished him nor exhausted his finances." Which surmise Murray turns into an historical fact, which he thus records: "This vast brick building was erected at enormous cost by Frederick, by way of bravado, at the end of the Seven Years' War, to show his enemies that his finances were not exhausted." So the sneer of one writer becomes the historic fact of another, and thus history is written! But we must not forget the Grotto Saloon, which has led to this little dissertation, as indeed it well may, seeing that it is the chief illustration of the lavish expenditure of Frederick in this New Palace. For while other rooms—and there are said to be two hundred—are inlaid with marble and richly furnished, this, the largest and noblest of all, is inlaid with shells, the friezes and many other parts with choicest minerals and semi-precious stones. Perhaps it is in bad taste, for it is more a grotto than a room, and so has a cold and gloomy look in daylight; but lighted up by its antique crystal chandeliers, it must doubtless glitter and blaze with light and splendour. Many portions are exquisitely inlaid, and well repay closest inspection; and so if it is a whim, it is a quaint one, and right royally is it carried out.

The King's private rooms are comparatively simple enough, and, with great good taste, are left much as he used them. The small library has one side lined with a bookcase, in which are the classical and French works in which he delighted. There hangs a queer portrait of Voltaire, drawn by his royal pupil, friend, and patron. But perhaps the most characteristic record here preserved is a copy of Frederick's work, *Des Œuvres Mêlées du Philosophe de Sans Souci, avec privilège d'Apollon*. There are corrections in the hand of Voltaire, critical and complimentary. It is natural that the royal family should preserve all kinds of relics of their renowned ancestor, and it is pleasant to see them preserved in their proper places, where they have far greater interest and meaning than they could have in the cases of a museum. They give an interest to a palace, which indeed is generally much needed, and where

marbles and furniture can do little but weary and depress the visitor.

Before the terrace, in front and at right angles to it, sweeps the grand avenue, which leads to Sans Souci; but this latter, not standing at the end of the avenue, but high up on one side of it, is not seen from the New Palace. So we quit the avenue and diverge to the right, and find ourselves led on by winding paths and under the shade of fine trees to another residence, Charlottenhof, which Frederick William the Fourth built when he was Crown Prince.

It is a copy of a Pompeian villa, and is filled with objects of history, domestic and general. Schinkel transformed it into an Italian villa in 1826. This is certainly what it now is, whatever it might once have been; for there is nothing Pompeian about the place except a Roman bath in the garden. The great architect who made the Charlottenhof what it is, has due honour, as is not often given, in the work of his hands, for in the vestibule stands his bust by his great fellow-artist Rauch—for Schinkel was a painter as well as an architect, like many of his predecessors. There are numberless tokens of the Queen Charlotte who gave her name to the cozy palace—costly but chaste—silver tables, a silver bedstead and accordant fittings, a very fairy-like chamber it is in which these delicate works of art are collected. Then there is another room which one enters with a kind of loving and reverential feeling, for it was often the residence of Alexander von Humboldt, the author of *Cosmos*, a work that has been justly styled "the great work of an age," and which more than fulfils the promise of its second title, "A sketch of a Physical Description of the Universe," for it is the outpouring of a mind of extraordinary grasp, stored with all the treasures of a long life spent in travel and scientific investigation. Here everything is of Humboldt: the sketches of what most interested him, the relics of past times he had come across, the things he loved to have about him—even the very chair and table he had made his own—everything is so left that you would hardly be surprised were the venerable philosopher to enter and seat himself as of old, and pour out that wisdom which made all hang upon the words of the old man eloquent. How little was there in common between the critic of Frederick and the friend of his successors, between Voltaire and Alexander von Humboldt.

Strolling along through this interesting park, so full of

suggestive objects, we come upon another whim of the Great Frederick, the Japanese House. A quaint octagonal building, in what is supposed to be Japanese style of architecture. A large, well-windowed summer-house, with baboon decorations, or his ape-saloon, as the King called it—or apéry, if we might venture to suggest a name. Its principal ornament is a musical clock, which was presented to the clockmaking King, as an appropriate gift, by Madame de Pompadour. It looks as tinselly and bright as the celebrated lady, and as stiff and grim as the soldier-King.

On we stroll past celebrated fountains, the Sea Horse by Kiss, the Shell Grotto by Knobelsdorff, and by triumphal arches and columns until we reach the *sanctum sanctorum* of this queer temple of Fame, and stand before Sans Souci itself.

Now to stand before this royal residence is very different from being close to it; for what may be called a hill in the flat plains of Potsdam, has been chosen for the site of the building, and up that hill we have to climb. There is a very steep carriage drive up either end, but the chief approach is by a central flight of stairs, which rises up sixty-six feet, through a succession of six terraces, the walls of which, on either side of the steps, are covered with glass that protects various fruit-trees trained beneath. The range of buildings thus approached is hardly worthy of the excellent position it occupies; for the topmost terrace commands an admirable view over Potsdam, the River Havel, with its lakes and windings, and the heights of Babelsberg beyond.

Sans Souci is merely a long range of apartments on the ground-floor. Frederick built it soon after he became King, and here it was that he spent his days and played his part as the philosopher of Sans Souci, in the congenial society of Voltaire, Maupertuis, and others whose names, once familiar enough, have now nearly passed away.

The central chamber, by which we enter from the terrace at the top of the long flight of stairs, is a well-designed oval, crowned with a dome. The floor is inlaid with Italian and Egyptian marble, and the Corinthian columns that support the roof are of exquisite Carrara. Marble statues fill the niches, and the whole has an Italian look, but sadly needs an Italian climate, at least if it is to be used, as the King-philosopher used it, as an ordinary dining-room. Next comes a small drawing-room, where his subjects were surprised and his foreign friends

pleased to find an open fireplace instead of the usual stove. Next comes the music-room, where the King-musician discoursed excellent music from his flute, and there stands the harpsicord to which he betook himself when his lungs required him to give up the flute, and there is some of Frederick's own music still upon it. The mud-stained sofa on which he read is still in the adjoining little drawing-room, by the cosy fireplace. Next in order comes the King's bed-room. There is a fine gilded recess designed for the bed, but no bed is there; behind a screen in one corner is the little camp-bed the warrior-King used; and there, sure enough, is the alarum clock which Wraxall saw in 1777. Its hands are still, and point to twenty minutes after two: marking the minute of their last motion, and that in which the grim old monarch died, August 17, 1786. There too is the chair in which he died as that clock stopped—that clock he so regularly wound up with his own hands. The chair is stained with blood, as a warrior's death-seat should be: but the surgeon, and not the enemy, drew that blood in vain.

So we pass on: everything tells of Frederick, and as we look around at such sights, and hear the story of each, we almost see the monarch as he lived; and who will blame us if, for the time at least, that Frederick becomes Great in our eyes, and trifling objects assume an importance, and we dwell upon simple incidents at a length and with a persistency in which the most courteous reader can hardly sympathize. The *genius loci* is never without power, and certainly Frederick the Great is all this at Sans Souci.

There is another room which attracts special attention, as well for its associations as for its decorations; and these, as the sarcastic King intended, are connected in a very unusual way. It is the sitting-bedroom of M. de Voltaire. Perhaps we might be expected to say that it was such some hundred and twenty years ago, but it seems, like the rooms we have already spoken of, so unchanged that it more truly may be said to be still his. Now we all know that M. de Voltaire had his strongly marked features, both physical and moral, and that he might have these constantly before his eyes, and, like a philosopher, study himself, the King caused this room to be papered and furnished in a very extraordinary manner. The paper, if such it can be called, represents branches and leaves of trees, upon, around, and under which are wooden or plaster figures in very high relief, of monkeys, parrots, and storks, which grin, chatter,

and stride from the walls as though anxious to join their brethren who perch, climb, and rest upon the chandeliers, tables, and looking-glasses; and as all these are life size, and painted in the natural colours, there is a kind of optical noise, which must have been almost as distracting to an inhabitant of the room, and as destructive of the calm quiet on which philosophy is supposed to count, as if the animals were alive. But why monkeys, parrots, and storks, we ask? The reply of the King evidently is, that Voltaire is like a monkey in countenance, like a parrot in his continual chatter, and like a stork in that he migrates from Sans Souci in winter, and returns to it in summer. But parrots and monkeys, to say nothing of storks, have other well known characteristics which the reader may apply for himself, and then he will form a very fair idea of M. de Voltaire, if not as his admirers paint him, at least as Frederick judged and thought fit to represent him.

The taste of this kind of satire may well be questioned, but in Sans Souci everybody expressed himself with much freedom; and the philosopher of Ferney had to bear as well as to inflict sarcasms. Indeed, the time came when he paid still more dearly for the licence of his pen, as when he turned it against another of the philosophic company that Frederick had gathered around him.

Maupertuis, whom the King had invited to Berlin and made President of his newly-modelled Academy, was a man of considerable scientific attainments, though perhaps somewhat too vain of his achievements, which were in truth of no ordinary character. As the head of the expedition into Lapland, he had measured a meridian arc so correctly, that it served to confirm Newton's opinion of the spheroidal form of the earth; but he was vain enough to have his portrait painted compressing the poles of the earth with his hands, as though he had produced what he had only discovered—at least so his enemies pretended. He damaged also the Cartesian theory to which Newton gave the final blow; and moreover he put out a view of his own, which was at least valuable, as anticipating a theory of reflection and refraction of light, which the same severe judges maintained that he did not himself understand.

So Maupertuis had many trials to bear, for which his temper did not specially fit him. The Academy took his part, condemned, and even struck off from its list the names of many of his opponents. Of course Voltaire could not keep quiet. He knew

nothing whatever about the matter in dispute, but he disliked the President, who indeed was no great favourite with Frederick himself. So when the *Essai de Cosmologie* appeared, Voltaire issued his *Diatribes du docteur Akakia, Medecin du Pape*, in which he burlesqued the work of Maupertuis, pretending to take the side of Kœnig, and doubtless amused many, and among the rest the King. But Frederick, though he enjoyed the joke, felt it due to himself and to the President of the Berlin Academy to punish the joker. So he ordered the satire to be burnt by the common hangman. Whereupon M. de Voltaire asked for, and obtained permission to quit Sans Souci; made his last bow and retired.

So the King lost a chamberlain in Voltaire, but he had others remaining: for it seems to have been his custom to bring men of mark about him and to localize them in his Court in this position. A satisfactory arrangement doubtless for all parties, and certainly for the chamberlains, who received—at least Voltaire did—20,000 francs pension, a gold key, and an order of merit. Thus he secured D'Argens, whose brilliant conversation and lacrymose countenance equally amused Frederick; while Algarotti, distinguished alike in mathematics, astronomy, anatomy, and languages, and with a taste which shows itself in the wonderful Dresden collection, brought together from all parts of Europe chiefly by his means, retained for five-and-twenty years the intimate friendship of the King. Indeed, when he died at Pisa, Frederick directed a costly monument to be erected in the celebrated Campo Santo there. A costly tomb it was, if not to the King, at least to the sculptor, for it is said that Frederick somehow forgot to pay for it.

But Sans 'Souci is a gossiping place, where scandal was not unknown: and so we must hasten on, before we fall—if indeed we have not already fallen—into the habit of the palace, and when at Sans Souci do what its philosophers often did.

Outside of the palace is not only the broad terrace which crowns the series and into which the central semi-circular portico opens, for behind it stretches a wide covered way, which is indeed a very fine portico, supported by white marble columns. A short and very steep road runs down from one end of this upon and almost into the celebrated mill, which is rightly considered as an historical monument, and as such carefully preserved. Indeed it has grown with its importance, and is now a much larger and more imposing mill than it was when its

sturdy owner did battle with the warrior King in its defence and routed him. Everybody sees how close it stands to the royal residence, and everybody knows how Frederick tried to purchase and pull it down, and how this German Naboth refused the request of the royal Achab.

But times have changed and customs too, and so Frederick had a law-suit with the miller, and was worsted. Whereupon, like a noble-hearted King, as he sometimes showed himself to be, he built him a new and larger mill. Perhaps he had vowed in his wrath to pull it down and remove the incongruous neighbour, and so kept his vow in this nobler fashion. Be this as it may, the miller held his own, and the spirit of Frederick seems to have descended to later generations: for not many years ago the family of the miller fell into debt, and offered the mill to the late King, who instead of purchasing it, relieved them from their difficulties and gave them enough to keep up in good order the historic mill; and there it stands as a monument which happily does credit to all parties concerned, which cannot perhaps always be said of such records.

Up rises the road—which is now in every sense the high road—but we have not seen all, and so we dive down under an archway and past some modern ruins, to a broad avenue, not that which runs from Sans Souci to the New Palace, but one parallel to it. It is still a high terrace, and over its parapet we look down into the fine trees, and past them into the gardens beyond. This is to our left; while to our right rise broad steps and overhanging balustrades; with something beyond which we climb up to see, and there on the broad upper terrace stands the Orangery, as noble a range of buildings in the Florentine style as one would wish to see in such an admirable position. It is a more modern building than the Sans Souci, having been completed in 1860, from designs by Hesse. Its front is three hundred and thirty yards in length; and is admirable alike for its grandeur, simplicity, and beauty. The broad terrace is graced, but not crowded with statuary. A copy of the world-renowned Farnese Bull, columns crowned with figures of Ceres and Flora, ancient sarcophagi, as bases of fountains, are there, while along the grand façade are numerous allegorical figures, which harmonize well with the graceful columns and the light frieze that crowns it. An excellent and very appropriate statue of Frederick William the Fourth stands in front. The chief pictures—for the Orangery is a picture gallery—having been removed to

Berlin, we do not care to enter ; but as we stroll along the noble terrace and look upon the marble building, so graceful in form and so rich in its architectural features, we think how gloriously it would replace at Sydenham the hideous glass conservatory, with which the Chatsworth gardener has incumbered that noble site ; and we wonder when the time will come when Londoners will grow ashamed of the overgrown conservatory and replace it by something worthy of the name of palace.

Resting for awhile under a pleasant arcade and luncheoning like two philosophers, we stroll back and descend the slope, on one side of the broad flight of stairs which leads us down to the grand avenue, paying of course respectful attention to the grand fountain, which tosses its waters to a height of one hundred and twelve feet. Still under the trees, which a sudden and sharp shower makes more admirable than usual, we wander on and soon reach the end of the park and the entrance of Potsdam, which is graced with a Roman triumphal arch, the Brandenburg Gate—for Potsdam is the capital of Brandenburg—and find ourselves in a fine, large, and grass-grown city. Here is the Royal Palace, strictly so called, where Frederick played the king and soldier : *Sans Souci* and its surroundings being the retirement of the philosopher. A fine palace it is, and with the renowned parade in front, where *Wraxall* saw Frederick reviewing his guards, as indeed any one might have done almost every morning when the King was at home, "galloping along the line and giving the word of command in person, with all the fire and animation of a young man," when he was upwards of sixty-five years old. Potsdam is regular, and symmetrical enough in design, and the houses, private and official, are very palatial in size and appearance. There are two fine churches : the *Friendenskirche* is a basilica, which reminds one (as it is designed to do) of that at Murano near Venice, and the *Garnisonkirche* in which Frederick is buried. The plain metal sarcophagus wherein he rests, was fittingly adorned with his sword laid upon it. Napoleon carried it off, as was his custom with everything valuable, interesting, and portable, and all traces of it are lost : so the Prussians have replaced it with the eagles and standards which they took from the same Napoleon, when the fortune of war changed, with the additional consolation of knowing that they had been won in fair fight from the living, and not stolen, like the sword, from the grave of the powerless dead.

We find that there are several other palaces and places to be seen : the Marble Palace of Frederick William the Second, on the margin of the Heilige See ; the Russian colony of Alexandrowka, a tiny village of eleven houses, a Greek chapel, and a dwelling for the priest, built by Frederick William the Third for the accommodation of the Russian singers, who were at that time attached to the First Regiment of Guards ; to say nothing of Babelsberg, the picturesque English-Gothic palace which Schinkel designed in 1835 for the Emperor. But we have supped full of such things, and turning our backs upon all these varied attractions with Spartan resolution, we hasten along the justly-called Lange Brücke, which spans in succession two branches of the River Havel. This river deserves much more notice than we can bestow upon it, for it winds around Potsdam and turns it into an island, and then spreads itself out into a whole series of lakes which are crowned on the further side by well-wooded heights, that thus charmingly enclose the capital of Brandenburg.

Across the bridge we find the railway station, and soon are we at home once more in Berlin, our brains somewhat confused with the many sights we have seen, and the various thoughts they have suggested ; but not too weary to enjoy our customary supper in a pleasant garden, and to appreciate the beautiful music which spiritualizes the meal and thus raises it far above a mere corporal gratification.

HENRY BEDFORD.

*The Adventures of Twelve Catholic Students.*¹

PART THE THIRD.

OUR readers will probably recollect that our last extract from this narrative left the twelve Englishmen in the hands of their cruel masters, still exposed to all the miseries incident to their captivity among men who were at once pirates and infidels. The prospect of deliverance indeed had presented itself, yet accompanied with difficulties which appeared insuperable. It was ultimately resolved that a portion of their number should return to Europe in order to raise the sum of money which had to be paid for the ransom of the entire party. Eight were to depart for Spain, and four consented to remain behind as pledges for the good faith of their companions. At this point the history is resumed, and proceeds in the following terms.

"This agreement being assented to by all parties, we set ourselves in a second consultation of no small weight; to wit, who should return for the money, and who remain pledges; wherein every one strove at first to be of the number of those that should go. Yet in fine, after much debate, our conclusion was as charitable as just, that the four eldest should remain, and the younger sort depart for the money.

It was our chance within a day or two after this agreement to meet with one Captain Clarke, an English renegado, who having demanded of us upon what terms we had got our liberty, and we having related to him the particulars, he told us we had given the knaves too much by more than half. He told us that what was already concluded upon amongst us would not easily be undone again. Yet he counselled us by all means to get away altogether, for questionless the false rogues our patrons would show us some false trick, either in the receipt of our money or in letting our pledges depart. He made no question but if we would we might procure this by means of a French

¹ Continued from p. 58.

merchant which lived in that Castle, called John Agoretta, a very charitable man, and one of our own religion, who as he had ransomed divers others of different countries and professions, likely would not be unwilling to lay down money for us altogether, and take us away with him in his own ships.

Upon this advice we repair to this merchant's lodging, by whom we were at first acquaintance kindly entertained. He was sorry we had already concluded a bargain with our patrons at so high and unreasonable rates; and he thought it dangerous for any one of us to stay behind as pledges. From this time we had free and frequent recourse to his lodging, and large conferences with him. And amongst others, it was here not the least providence of Almighty God that we never wanted language in these foreign countries, for, as before I said, George Champion spake Dutch, whereby we had the comfort of understanding the Hamburgers, Hollanders, and Flemings; Peter Middleton spake French, who was now our interpreter with the merchants, which is ordinarily understood and spoken by the Moors of Barbary, where the most of the better sort were brought up in Spain, and are of these Moriscos, who in the year 1610 were by Philip the Third banished out of Andalusia and Grenada to the number of ninety thousand.

Though many of the Moors of this place were brought up in Spain, and are therefore of a well-tempered natural disposition and of Christian-like behaviour, yet the great infection which this place receives of the Alarabes, or wild Arabians, that much infect this barbarous country, hath brought a general corruption into their manners. Of the Alarabes they have learned to sell their Christian slaves in fairs as you would do a beast, or at other times drive him up and down the streets, crying, "Who buys a slave?" And if the slave be a big lusty fellow, the country people will not fail to buy him for the yoke. For their ploughs are drawn by slaves yoked by couples; and if they bestir not themselves roundly, the driver beats them with a rope's end. When they are unyoked, they are again loaded with chains; and if at any time any poor fellow chance to get off his chains and slip away, the patrons either kill him outright (for there is no more punishment due by their laws for a man that kills his own slave than for him that kills his own dog), or else they use him as one day we saw a poor Frenchman caught in the creeks of the river with hopes to have escaped over in the night-time, and so away. But being found by his patron, he

first cut off his ears, then slit his nose, then beat him with rope's ends till all his body that was not covered with gore blood was black with stripes; and lastly they drove him naked through the streets for an example and terror to other slaves. In the end they threw him into a dungeon, with a little straw under him.

Neither have they learned to be less barbarous to their own neighbours. It fell out one day that one of our patrons going forth of the Castle to the waterside with his ass to fetch up boards from an Hamburg ship, which had been split entering into the haven, had his ass taken from him by one that was both more youthful and better armed than himself. This put the old fellow into a great chafe. Wherefore coming home, and buckling his scimitar to his side and taking his musket upon his shoulder, within two hours after he made his word good, and brought home another ass as good as his own. Their zeal in matters of religion is in one thing more moderate and civil than our Protestants, for they will not compel any man to their mosque contrary to his conscience; nay, it is death for any Christian to enter their mosque whilst they are at their devotion. It chanced upon a Friday that one of our company, knowing nothing of this law amongst them, out of curiosity entered the porch of their mosque, where he found all of their shoes standing at the door, and they within singing Psalms, or songs, confusedly, much after the manner of our Geneva jigs. But he was warned by a friend to retire before he was perceived by the singers. At other times we saw them pray in their chambers and at the river banks, with very strange ceremonies. First they stripped themselves to the skin, then kneeling down they blessed themselves, stroking themselves with both their hands at once from their forehead to their chin; then pattering some unknown prayers they ducked down to the ground three times, then praying again they afterwards poured a bason or two of water upon their heads, rubbing and washing their bodies while it ran down; lastly, ducking again three times as before they gave themselves the blessing more completely than before. For when their hands coming with a gentle wipe from their foreheads reached their mouths, with a strong blast they blew them asunder so far till the backs turned towards their faces; with which last and violent blast they counted they blew away their sins, and so gave over their prayers for that time.

I have also seen the use of Beads very familiar among them, but never could understand to whose honour, nor what prayers they said on them ; neither was there any distinction of sets, but about sixty beads, all of one suit, but the last bead. They kept their month Bivan about August, or we may call it a Lent, with great store of fasting and prayer, from which they are released when they can discover the first new moon rising in September, when, about the hour of that change, you shall see thousands of people (men, women, and children) gazing upon hills and more eminent places to discover the rising of the new moon ; for they hold him a great saint and singularly blessed for all that year by Mahomet that hath the happiness to have the first sight of that new moon.

Their custom is to marry as many wives as they are able to maintain, with whom they have no portion more than a bride-wain (as we call it), such goods and furniture as it pleases her parents to bestow upon her. But after a man likes well of any young woman, he bargains with her parents what they will take for her, and the bargain being agreed upon and settled by writing between the parents on both sides, the bridegroom, accompanied with his own and his spouse's friends with the bride and a set of wind music, solemnly brings her away to his own home. The saddle the bride sits in is much like to a chair, with a high back and sides and canopy overhead, drawn round about with silk or other rich curtains, and no man may have the least sight of her person or beauty ; for though they be not so bad as our Puritans, yet they are jealous in the extreme. These women go very well apparelled, and (in my conceit) far exceed our English in modesty. They are neither naked on their necks nor arms, though the country be very hot ; but besides very decent apparel within doors, when they go abroad they put on a long white veil or mantle, much imitating the Spanish fashion, which reacheth round (and decently) to their feet. They wear neither black twists nor jewels nor bracelets about their necks nor arms, but about the small of their legs or ankles they wear both bracelets and plates of silver or gold of two or three inches broad. These are only seen by their husbands or family within doors, where they lay off their long mantles ; and that this beauty of their legs may the more appear, they both wear their petticoats short and go without stockings, having only on their feet fine neat pumps. She among many wives that pleases her husband best is his house-

keeper and mistress over the family ; the rest keep their several chambers, and must be content with what is allowed them. Their children they circumcise after the Jewish manner, yet they hate the Jews far more than they do the Christians, and for their greater ignominy compel them to wear black caps and black mantles, a colour generally abhorred by all Turks and Moors.

But to return to our own affairs again. Whilst we were now often at our French merchant's lodging, our patrons either began to grow jealous of us, that these meetings were at length to steal away in the ships, or (which we thought was more likely) they had now conspired to convey away and privately sell some of our youths to some Turks, who we well knew had offered very large sums of money for them ; and this was crossed by our often meeting together at the merchant's chamber. Therefore when one day we were together conferring on business with the merchant five or six of our patrons (amongst which Gallante and Morena, always more harsh and cruel than the rest, were the chief) came in great haste and fury to the merchant's house, which was upon the walls near to the south gate, and with many passionate words laid to his charge that he had plotted to steal us twelve away. They forbade him therefore entertaining their slaves any more in his chamber unless he desired to have his house pulled down over his head and his brains beaten out. Then turning to us with fury sparkling in their eyes they asked us how we durst be so bold as without their leave to have these private meetings. This was because we wanted employment at home and had too much liberty, but they would tame us like slaves, as we were, and hereafter we should never three of us meet together again to plot our liberties.

The merchant, hearing these terrible thunderings against himself and us, told us in the French language that it was neither safe for him nor us to gainsay or cross these men, because they were without fear either of God or man, for if they killed either him or us there was no law against them, because we were strangers. Therefore he advised us to submit ourselves to them and quietly to return with them, and come no more to his chamber till he sent for us. He in the meantime would not be unmindful of us, but would be a friend in a corner.

This change of weather saddened us. You might have seen us driven before our patrons down the merchant's stairs

and up to the market street with tears in our eyes, hanging our heads like so many malefactors attended by the public officer down from the gaol to the gallows. But as hitherto we never found ourselves in any extremity but we presently found the speedy remedy from Almighty God, so now whilst we were thus conducted up the streets we espied afar off in the farthest end of the street our close and constant friend the Scrivano, before mentioned. Wherefore, deeming a desperate disease to be cured with a desperate remedy, we counselled our linguist James Wadsworth to go meet him, and make our distressed case known to him; who as he was more apprehensive of dangers, and less patient of miseries than the rest, needed no spurs to set him forward, but as if it had been a race for a wager of great value, he gave the start and run upon full speed till he came to the captain. Our patrons wondered what the lad meant to do, but knowing the castle gates were shut so that he could not over run them, they let him run, and with a jeering threat said they should find time enough to tame him shortly. But Wadsworth laid open our dangers and our patrons' threats so to the life, and told his tale so well that the captain, breaking off his discourse with his familiar friends, and coming along with Wadsworth towards us, told him he would take an order with the rogues.

So soon as he came near us we showed our respect to him and begged his favour by signs, for language we had none. Then he demanded of our patrons what they meant by driving us in that disgraceful manner before them up the streets. They answered we were their slaves, and like slaves they would use us, and that it nothing concerned him how they dealt with us. With that he drew his sword and swore by great Mahomet that if any of them offered any the least violence he would hack him in pieces; for we were not to be counted as their slaves, but free gentlemen, as had already been proved before the Santon. Then they all drew their rusty blades, and wished him to desist, for if any man offered to take their slaves from them they would endanger the taking of his life from him. These speeches enraged the captain; wherefore, calling out for help against rogues, he set upon them, at first himself alone, but was presently assisted by shopkeepers and other honest-minded people that came forth to him with bills, staves, and swords. Others came forth of the rascally, as boatmen, soldiers, and the like, to the aid of our patrons; so that within a quarter

of an hour the streets were filled with all sorts of weapons; the women, in the meanwhile, in the doors and windows, out of their good nature, cried out to the English youths to look to themselves, for they would surely in the midst of the fray be killed. And when we understood not their voices nor screeches to us, they ventured into the streets among the men, and catching us by the arms they drew us into their shops and houses, where we lay close till the Scrivano with his party had beaten our patrons and their adherents backwards down the street and out of the gates. Having thus shut the beggarly rogues, our patrons and their partners, out of the Castle gates, and returned victors, they enquired what was become of their English youths. When we were come forth of our holes and had submissively given thanks for the favour received, we signified to the Scrivano that now there was no more going home for us without imminent danger of our lives; for doubtless our patrons at their first return into the Castle would revenge this their affront upon us, and since there was no more punishment due by their laws for the murder of a Christian than for the death of a dog, what other could we expect? The Scrivano then moved by Almighty God bid us follow him, for he would provide us a lodging altogether. He brought us therefore to a chamber furnished with mats necessary to lodge upon; and lest any violence might be offered us from our patrons by way of revenge, or by any Turks to steal us away, he appointed us two musketeers with lighted matches for guard at our chamber door the three first days and nights; and after, as long as we stayed in the Castle, we had continually one to keep sentinel over us, with charge to shoot whomsoever should attempt to do us any wrong.

From this day forward we began to be housekeepers of ourselves; our good merchant daily furnishing us liberally with money to fetch in our provision, where such is the fertility of the country that we twelve could fare very well with three meals in the day for eighteen pence or five groats among us all. For example, we ate to our breakfast (according to the custom of the country) from the cookshop, two pounds of bonnels for twopence, a food much like our fritters, but fried in oil. These we could roll and bleach in good Barbary sugar for a halfpenny. To our dinner we would have a good large joint of mutton for fivepence or sixpence; after that, three or four great pomegranates, or a pound of hanged grapes amongst us for a penny.

To our supper a dozen of wild fowl as big as woodcock for a groat; or when time required we could have a good dish of fish for threepence, or a groat; and out of these more than sufficient commons we could afford our sentinel his meal. One fowl was commonly plucked and entrailed by ourselves; but we had all roast, boiled, or baked for thanks at our neighbour's pot, spit or oven, as they dressed their own.

Wheat is their only grain, and I believe the best and fairest in the world. Of this we could have every day fresh and new bread to serve us all for one aspre a day, a piece of money equivalent to threepence, and is the only silver coin they have of their own. Our drink was fetched from the crystalline fountain in a great earthen pot, and we could for a penny sugar it for the whole day as sweet as the Turkish "sherbet," or our "meth."

Now we could as often as we thought good, some of us steal over to our merchant. Now we could at our leisure confer our business amongst ourselves without let or hindrance, or talk with our poor Christian countrymen, slaves or renegados, that made us visits, or we them. And now we could to our fill, *Cantare Domino in terra aliena*, attend to our prayers or sing to our Lord in a strange country. This was our course of life from September the 23rd, when we entered that new lodging, till the 8th of October, when we took shipping for Spain,

After that about a fortnight was expired in this course of life, our merchant one day sent for us altogether to his lodging, which we speedily performed; where when we were come he made us this speech.

"My dearest Englishmen,—I am comforted in your acquaintance and conversation, in whom, as lively members of the Catholic Church, I behold the sparks of true religion, devotion, and brotherly love in this foreign and barbarous country. Here amongst this barbarous people have I lived three years factor to a merchant of Cadiz, by name John Bravo de Laguna; but never since my coming hither have I received that comfort that I have received of you. And now the course of my natural life is apace drawing toward its period by the violence of a burning fever; nor do I know where to find a physician for my help, and if I did, yet durst not trust myself into his hands, since here the custom is that if any stranger die amongst them he forfeits all his goods to the place. Justly, therefore, may I fear to put my life into his hands. I have therefore let my friends and your patrons understand that my intention is to depart

towards Spain with all my ships very speedily, and that the distemper I feel is only the gout, lest they understanding the danger of my disease, should detain me here by force. Therefore in this my extremity of danger I entreat you all by the merits of our dear Saviour's Passion, that if it lie in your powers you will help me to a physician for my poor soul, which hath wanted that comfort now these five years; and if any of you be priests (which by your virtuous conversation I have oft had reason to suspect) that you will now let me know. Your reward for so charitable a work shall be Almighty God. I have taken order for your ransom, and to-morrow, God willing, we will all together go on shipboard for Spain. I only ask you will requite me with this last favour."

Whilst this speech was delivered us by our interpreter, our eyes were drowned in tears through compassion to the danger of his sickness, yet much more for the spiritual want he was in, which we were not able to supply. We returned him, therefore, this short and modest answer, that our obligations to him were not to be numbered; that the course of our journey (as he already knew) was from Flanders towards Seville, there to study, and, if it should please Almighty God to make us worthy, to receive that degree which yet we were not worthy of. We let him therefore know that we were none of us priests. Here he gave a sigh, and desired us to attend him that day with our prayers for him, which we did.

The next day, being the 8th of October, and the most of his goods and merchandize conveyed on shipboard, we were guarded out of the Castle down to the water's side by our good friend the Scrivano and some of his servants, where, submissively taking our leave of him and bidding farewell to all our other well-wishers, both men and women, we entered into one of the pinnaces with our merchant. You might now have observed many of the country people—for the quay was thronged full—especially of the female kind, shedding tears at our departure, protesting they had never before seen twelve such constant friends.

So imperfect, as I said before, are the laws of this barbarous country, that they extend no further than their own Castle; so that if they can take any stranger's ship out of the command of the great ordnance of the Castle, it is their own, and they may bring and sell it in any other haven of this kingdom of Morocco, or any other, though the owner of the ship thus taken

had his licence from them for free access and regress in trading with them. This was the reason we lay four or five days under the command of this Castle before we durst venture to sea, seeing divers pirates (for such are all their seamen) set out before us to watch our coming out. Yet after four days, in the dead time of the night, the wind favouring, we weighed anchor, hoisted sails, and launched forth into the ocean with one ship of two hundred and fifty tons, into which, at our weighing anchor, we twelve and our merchant removed, and two small pinnaces, having in them one hundred and fifty men, all such as this merchant had redeemed out of captivity and slavery; of very different sects and nations, as Englishmen, Irishmen, Dutch, Spaniards, Portuguese, and others; amongst which was also our master Hamburgher, who had gotten away under colour of our first bargain with our patrons to send money for himself and for the ransom of his nine companions, or servants. But, as we afterwards understood, after that he had safely gotten home he let his servants lie by it, and neither sent money for their ransom nor hearkened any more after them. This was according to his Anabaptistical charity. If the Lord would redeem them He knew well how to do it; if He would not, it was in vain to labour about it.

But whilst we thus prolong delays in our journey, our merchant is every day more weak than other, and hastens towards his end. He spends his time in prayer; often calls upon us twelve to pray heartily for him (for we knew not yet what he had done for us), therefore earnestly desires us to pray for him in this his last extremity.

Upon the 14th day of the month, and the sixth since our coming on shipboard, we observing all signs of approaching death in him, and desirous, if it might be possible, to procure him the comfort of a ghostly Father and Christian burial, asked him whether he did not desire to be carried to land, which we understood was within half a day's sail of us; and he showing willingness thereto, we urged it with the captain of the ship, who was (as the rest) a ransomed slave, and by profession a Huguenot, but being an understanding and active man, was for country's sake appointed captain of the ship. This captain at first made show of many difficulties and great unwillingness, either out of a desire to deprive the merchant of a priest and his last rites, or because he had rather hasten his death at sea; but we laid before him such temporal reasons for the comfort of the sick

man's body and hope of his recovery, that he could not civilly nor with loyalty to his friend and master, deny us. He told us, therefore, it should be as we desired, and so steered his course again toward the coast of Barbary, upon a little town held by the Spaniards called Marmora, where when towards evening we came within a mile of the town (for nearer our ship could not lie at quiet anchor by reason of the breaking of the violent waves upon the rocks), we wrapped our merchant close up in his warm bed-clothes and laid him into the cockboat, and carried him thus wrapped up amongst us into the town, where, after we had found a convenient lodging, we inquired for a priest, and being informed there were three in the town, whereof one was a Frenchman, we made choice of him to assist our merchant. But at the coming of the priest we found him deprived of all sense, and like one that was giving up the ghost, it seems stricken in his hot fit with the cool air of the evening. Some, therefore, falling to their prayers for him, and others rubbing and chafing, and applying to him such things as might revive him, within half an hour we brought him to his perfect sense, speech, and understanding again; and letting him know what a friend we had brought him, and putting him in mind of his former desires, he showed great joy of heart and gave God thanks for the favour, us for our care of him, and the priest for his pains. And so we left them two together settling the state of his soul, and retired to our prayers for him in another room.

After they had been an hour together, he again lost the use of his senses. The priest gave him the absolution of his sins, and before morning he departed this mortal life, we hope to receive the reward of his good deeds in another. The same day, towards evening, we twelve attended the corpse to burial, with our lighted tapers and all other ceremonies, in the Catholic Church. He was decently laid in the chapel, or oratory, of this little town, at the right hand, near to the communion rail. I know not whether our present heaviness for the loss of our dear friend, the French merchant, were greater, or the joy we took in being after a long banishment gotten amongst Catholics again, and to a place where we might freely and publicly profess and practise our religion, but certainly we all of us felt such singular devotion in ourselves as we never had found the like before. Now we went all to the holy sacraments of confession and Communion, we were daily present at all three Masses, we watched before the altar whensoever the chapel door was open,

and scarce could the sacristan get us forth to shut the chapel doors after Evensong. The good Spaniards were so taken with us, and edified by us, professing they had never seen so much devotion in that town before. And nothing inferior was the edification we received from the Spaniards' charity in that poor and remote place towards poor Christian travellers or slaves of what nation soever, that by any means can get out of the Turkish slavery, and fly to them for relief, whereof there are great store by reason it lies but fifteen miles from the Castle of Salle, divided from it by a great river, which many, to purchase their liberty, venture to swim over in the night-time, and sheltering themselves under the walls of this town, are in the morning received in by the Spaniards, and friendly entertained with good meat, drink, and lodgings of free cost, till they can find shipping for Spain, or their own country, which is commonly within three weeks or a month. This their rare charity did we twelve abundantly taste, with good and wholesome diet, and now and then a good cup of sack, at free charges, all the four days we stayed with them, and might at the same rates have been welcome to them for two or three months if we had not aimed at greater matters.

This little town of Marmora lieth within the Kingdom of Fesse, situated upon a high and steep rock at the mouth of a very fair river, and enriched with a very stately and secure harbour for shipping of great burden, guarded with two strong blockhouses below the rocks at the mouth of the harbour on either side. This—in the days of our late Queen Elizabeth, a professed enemy to the Spaniards, and who, as the Turks yet report, stored them first with great ordnance, and taught them the use of them, merely to curb and cross the Spaniards, whereby now they curb not only the Spaniard, but English and all Christendom, so perilous is policy grounded upon passion—this, I say, in her days, was only a harbour for shipping, where our English and the Flemish pirates were wont to meet to divide their prey, when they had taken any Spaniards or robbed their coasts, or otherwise to lie there at their ease and safety whilst they might hear of some booty towards, till at length the Spaniards, impatient with long abuses and daily robberies committed upon their coasts, resolved to destroy the nest of rogues. Therefore, watching a convenient time when the most of the pirates were gone to sea, they chopped in some few ships and galleys, and there at unawares surprised Captain Nutt,

Captain Penn, Captain Catsby, and others, that were left in the harbour. Since which time the Spaniards have kept this harbour; and, for the better securing, they have placed a garrison and built this little town, consisting of small and low platform buildings of earth, and fenced about with dike trenches and high and thick ramparts of earth, well guarded with good store of good brass ordnance, and manned with a thousand soldiers and one troop of horse, which are the only and sole inhabitants of the place, unless it be some ten or twelve women, wives to some of the soldiers. These receive their pay and daily sustenance from Spain. So frequent are the alarms, disquiets, and sometimes assaults that the Turks and Moors give them, that they can neither sow any corn, nor keep any stock of cattle without the walls for their maintenance.

It was our chance at this very time to be spectators to one of these alarms, with a light skirmish betwixt the Spaniards and the Moors, when these, to the number of fifteen hundred foot and horse, showing themselves in a body within less than a mile of the town, the Spaniards, within half a quarter of an hour after the sign by alarm bell, were all in their arms upon the walls, whence the Governor, drawing out four hundred foot, with his troop of horse, forth of the walls, divided them into four squadrons, which he led up within musket-shot of the enemy. Whence we, all out of danger upon the walls, had the pleasure of the sight, especially when we beheld the Moors at the very first encounter to begin to retire. But the Spaniards, not knowing what ambushments there might be under the side of the hill near to them, sounded a retreat, and with all speed possible, made show to fly back to the town; which being dexterously and advisedly done, instantly the great ordnance from the town began to play so fast over the Spaniards' heads at the Moors upon the plain heaths, that they were not able to stay in the field, and so fled in a confused manner; and so dexterous were the Spaniards here at these good ordnance, that they permitted not any the Moors together within a mile and a half of the town, but sent a ball in the midst of them. In this skirmish the Spaniards received no further hurt than the loss of one horse: what damage the Moors received, we could not learn, by reason that they carried their losses away with them. And in this service we twelve were able upon the walls to help to draw up the ordnance in their re-oiling, and to fetch or carry when anything was wanting.

Whilst these things pass with us at land, our two pinnaces have hoisted sail, and are with all speed gone for Cadiz to bring the heavy news of our merchant's death to his executors, and our Huguenot captain thinks every hour a week till he get us to ship again. Therefore, to satisfy his longing, but much more because we desired as speedily as might be to be at our journey's end, we harkening for a boat, and upon St. Luke's day [October 18], after we had despatched our devotions, understanding that two merchants had hired a boat to go a mile and a half to see our ship and the commodities she carried, we desired the favour to go along with them. It chanced at that time that being a spring tide, and the winds blowing strong from the western point directly upon that coast, the sea was very rough, especially at the breaking of the waves against the rocks at the river mouth; which our two Spanish merchants perceiving after they were gone almost half the way, and apprehending great danger in the passage, endeavoured to persuade the boatmen to return back for the present, and to take them another time when the water should be calmer. These boatmen were six, and their boat much after the make and bigness of a Thames barge, but they, covetous for money, and more venturous for gain than the merchant venturers themselves, answered that, unless they might be paid for that part of the journey they had already rowed, they would not return. The merchants entreated them fairly in the beginning, then chid and chafed and pleaded danger of being all cast away. The boatmen, on the other side, pleaded pay, pay, but rowed on, hoping thus to squeeze some money out of the merchants till, they penuriously holding off, at length it was too late to return. And now the boatmen cry out, *We are all lost!* The merchants blame the boatmen of covetise, the boatmen blame the merchants of nigardise, and we blame them all of rashness. If we returned back, the encroaching waves, taking our boat at an advantage, with the side towards them, would certainly turn it over; if we went forwards, every stroke of the oar seemed to carry us towards our ruin, for now the green and foaming waves seemed rather to overwhelm us than greet us. The merchants now began to bless themselves, the boatmen call to God for mercy. The merchants close embraced the transverse they sat upon, we twelve cast ourselves flat on our faces to the bottom of the boat, and laid fast hold on the ribs, or such other steadfast things as were next unto us. The boatmen have the hardest

task to keep their seats, and also by strength of oar to hold the nose of the boat up to the waves.

At length for our deliverance we gave God and St. Luke thanks, whose blessings we had that morning received at the altar.

Having thus with much toil and danger gotten into our ship again, we presently found there an alteration in all things from what had been in our merchant's lifetime. Our company were fallen into factions and schisms, chiefly by reason of the difference in religion amongst them. Our captain favoured his fellows, French Huguenots, whereof there were five or six. The English Protestants, ten in number, like birds of a feather, laid their heads together, and would have no charitable commerce with any but themselves. We twelve, as underlings, were contemned by our countrymen and slighted by our captain and his faction. The Catholics, French, Spanish, Irish, &c., being more in number and formerly in favour with the deceased merchant, thought scorn to be awed and curbed by men of meaner capacity and quality and number than themselves. When the Catholics went to prayer, the heretics would sing, hoot, and scoff; and when the heretics began their Geneva jigs, or common prayer, the French Catholics beat the drum and drowned their musical discord. When some got flesh meat to their dinner, others were glad of poor John, others of dry bread, and others fasted. Yet, as all had tasted the bitterness of the Turkish slavery, they all agreed to defend themselves and ship to the uttermost of their power from their enemies. Therefore by day and night they were all very vigilant, and carefully attended to their several charges. Sometimes we sailed towards Spain, and sometimes back again towards Marmora, when we were frightened, as often we were, by enemies; and upon the 22nd day of the month, being sorely terrified by the discovery of fourteen ships under sail, and doubting they might be Turks, we made towards land with all speed to a town on the coast of Barbary held by the Spaniards, called Marache, not much above sixty miles distant from Marmora, where we lay at anchor three or four days, when two of our company, viz., James Wadsworth and Peter Edwards, impatient of our long delays, daily dangers both of sea and enemies, and hard usage, finding a boat upon its journey thence for Spain, stepped into it and, contrary to all faith and former constancy to one another, without even a

farewell, ungratefully left us, and went along with this light and speedy boat for Spain.

Here I am not able sufficiently to tell the extremity of misery which we ten scholars endured in ten days we lay at sea under the charge and command of this Huguenot captain. George Champian was sick of a fever, I was lame in my legs and thighs of such a swelling and soreness that for divers days I crawled upon my hands and knees, and almost all the rest of us, worn out with long sufferings and want of clean shift, were less able to endure inconveniences than hitherto we had been, for it was in the latter end of October, when the weather grows cold, especially at sea; yet our lodging was upon the bare boards, with only one old sailcloth amongst us to defend us from the cold. Our clothes were thin and threadbare, having never a cloak or coat amongst us, and scarce half so many shirts as bodies, and those foul and nasty of almost a quarter's wearing without shift. Some, moreover, wanting stockings, others shoes, others hats; and such superfluous things as bands, handkerchiefs, gloves, and caps were counted no want.

I do even abhor to relate how we were besprinkled with six-footed vermin, yet, because I have undertaken to make an exact relation, and that ye may also have some guess of our state in this kind, I will tell you a daily practice of my own. Because there was no end of killing these vermin, I kept for the purpose in my pocket a piece of hollow cane, which I was wont to thrust under my skirts up into my back, and rubbing my doublet with the open end thereof, I could afterwards knock out of it into my hand or upon the floor twenty or thirty of these creepers. What here I write of my own experience I know I might also boldly affirm of my neighbours, who were in no better a predicament than myself.

Our victuals were coarse. For the most part dry ship-biscuit and sometimes a little boiled poor John, whereof there was good store in our ship; but neither butter, oil, nor vinegar with it, and this kept from us but at our meals. True it is we had a little bottle of vinegar, bestowed upon us by our merchant; but because George Champian was sick of a fever and could not eat poor John, having no better dainties to comfort him in his extremity, we reserved this vinegar for him to steep his dry biscuit in, and this was his only food for divers days. If we might but have had our fills of sweet water, this daily want of food would have been more tolerable,

which was at our meals given us in a very small stint, but at other times not a sup allowed upon any terms, with which want we were now as much tormented as ever we had been in our Hamburger's ship. One of these nights I lying awake, and not able to take any rest by reason of the scorching heat that burnt my entrails for want of some cool moisture, at length, after many solicitous and projecting thoughts, resolved to have water before morning though it should cost me dear. Knowing, therefore, where the barrels stood, I made towards them (as lame as I was) handsomely stepping over the legs and bodies of those Huguenots that slept near them as guard; where, after many adventures in the dark I had found them out, alas! my heart grew cold even amongst my scorching entrails, on finding a plate of iron fast locked over the spigot, then, feeling out the bunghole I perceived a piece of strong leather nailed fast over that. This was also a great disheartening, but, as want ventures upon stone walls, so I with my fingers began to bore at the leather betwixt the nails till at length I made a passage for my finger. Then I began to think of a quill, or straw, or any such like hollow instrument wherewith to suck the water out. At length it occurred to my mind that I had sometimes seen one of our English Protestants lay a long tobacco pipe near his head when he laid him down to sleep. To him, therefore, I crawl back in the dark, for all must be done by stealth lest being discovered I might either hazard a buffeting, or at leastwise be crossed of mine enterprize. This pipe as soon as I came near I sooner discovered with my nose than felt with my hands, so furred and nasty it was. Yet welcome it was when I had it, and with it I returned back, as it were through lions, toads, and, serpents, so choleric, envious, and malicious were those against us. Now, therefore, that I had gotten the small end of the pipe into the bunghole, and the bigger to my mouth, methinks I still hear how the water clinked down into my sides, much like to a hearty horse fed with dry provender that gulps down his water till the skins stretch about his sides. In fine it did me no hurt, but I felt myself the cooler and fresher for three days after; and after this comforting draught I stole a couple of poor Johns along with me, and, arriving back safe to mine own quarter, I sat me down and savourly in the dark ate one of them, raw as as it was, without any bread. The other I bestowed upon some of my companions that wanted the like refreshment, who ate

it also very savourily, but not with so cool a stomach as I had done, so good a seasoning doth hunger bring with it, to whatsoever homely food.

Upon the 28th day of this month of October we discovered from the coast of Spain three ships under sail upon their course directly opposite to us. Therefore suspecting that they might be Turks, our captain, soldiers, and mariners laid their heads together with all speed to deliberate what was most fit to be done in that exigence of danger. We were so far already down from Marache that there was no returning thither, as in like occasions we had formerly often done, lest we, being of heavy burden and slow sail, might be overtaken before we could reach it. To fight out was desperate, the enemy having three light ships fit for war, and we a dull one of heavy carriage, with only seven pieces of small iron ordnance. The constant resolution, therefore, of all was to hazard both their lives and ship rather than fall again under the Turks' slavery. Wherefore upon a general resolution they presently steer an oblique course on the right hand towards the Barbarian coast; yet in the meanwhile we omitted no industry that might avail us to escape the enemies, both Turks and shipwreck. We charged, and set forth at their loopholes, our ordnance; we put in order our muskets; set open our magazine for war; those that wanted guns, bills, pikes, or swords, made themselves great wooden swords of pipe staves, strong and big enough to knock down an ox withal, and all this because they would not come alive into the Turks' hands, which they more feared than sinking to the bottom. We then offering our service in what we were able, our captain told us there was no need of us, there were men enough for so small a compass. We joyfully accepted of this answer, and fell to our prayers as heartily to Almighty God and the Blessed Virgin, and the two glorious Apostles, SS. Simon and Jude, whose feast it was, begging our safety, as earnestly as ever we asked anything; and behold, when the enemies were even now at hand, and we yet far from land, it being high noon, and a fair sunshiny day, on a sudden descended so thick a mist upon us that we could scarce discern a man from the prow to the poop. We boldly, therefore, eschewed the rocks and sailed forwards in the encounter of our enemies, yet in greater silence, knowing ourselves not to be far from them, and it might be within their hearing; and scarce was an hour passed in this obscurity but the white cloud sweetly ascending again from whence it came,

left us, as it found us, in a glorious sunshine, and placed us out of any great danger of our enemies; for they, not able to discover us with eyes nor ears as they passed by, were carried above two leagues past us. Yet, to let us understand their good meaning towards us, so soon as in the clear sunshine they perceived us now behind them, they turn round and back again after us as fast as wind and sails will carry them, and so we, having the start of them by at least two leagues, spread all our cloth, hoist all our sails, extend our goose wings to gather wind, throw out barrels and much of our coarsest loading, and fly for life and liberty towards a town about six or seven leagues distant called Tangiers. And so did God and His glorious saints prosper our flight, that the enemy could by no means overtake us before we reached the town.

JOSEPH STEVENSON.

James MacDevitt, Bishop of Raphoe.

THE life of this young Bishop of the Irish Church,¹ traced by the hand that is guided by the heart of a loving brother, is full of interest, though almost devoid of incident. Many lives are written which abound in stirring and absorbing events, in the midst of which we sometimes almost lose sight of the man around whom they accumulate; while others there are entirely wanting in such incentives to curiosity, that leave us undistracted to the contemplation of the man himself who is set before us. To this latter class belongs this memoir of the late Bishop of Raphoe.

Nor should we be surprised at this, nor question why an uneventful life should be written. Biography professes to set before us men: the thoughtful as well as the active; those who do a great work in a quiet way, as well as others whom circumstances or temperament bring into the more noisy paths of politics or war. The life of a student, a professor, a bishop, runs in very even and clearly defined lines; but though such stages of life are well-nigh stereotyped, and we can tell beforehand their characteristics almost as clearly as their order of succession, we should surely err in concluding that one such life would reflect another so completely that when the pattern has once been given, no more need follow. When a man leaves his mark behind him, and is spoken of, not merely as one of a class, but as in many respects exceptional, we may be sure that there is something in him worth knowing; and when, as in such a life as this, there are no political claims to party acknowledgment, and scarce any of controversy, to give adventitious fame, we may well pause awhile and inquire who this Bishop of Raphoe was, and what did he do that his life should be set before us and our attention invited to its contemplation.

He was born in 1832, in one of those wildly beautiful glens that make the county of Donegal famous even among the

¹ *The Most Reverend James MacDevitt, D.D., Bishop of Raphoe.* A Memoir by Rev. John MacDevitt, D.D. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son, 1880.

picturesque districts of Ireland. The nature of the boy was loving and contemplative. So gentle was he that none envied him the love which all rendered him ; and yet with all this was there combined an influence that made his companions look up to and respect him as their prudent guide and safe adviser. The spirit of the grand scenery amid which he grew up was upon him, as is so often the case in such localities ; he was calm, thoughtful, reserved. He communed with nature, as we call God's mighty works ; he walked face to face with all that is sublime in coast and mountain scenery, and so it told upon him and left its mark in his character.

But there was a still higher and holier influence combined with all this ; the Catholic faith abides in these wild glens, as indeed it does throughout the length and breadth of Ireland, and so its gentle power softened what without it might have passed into moroseness, and christianized the spell which nature worked in his young heart. The mountain ramble and the daring coasting built up the stripling into the vigorous and thoughtful man ; and so when the time came for James MacDevitt to pass through school to Maynooth, we are not surprised to find him the same in the new sphere as in the old, beloved by his companions, respected by his superiors, and in due time rising to the high distinction of a Dunboyne scholar, a privilege reserved for the most promising students, of prolonging the studies of which they have shown themselves already so appreciative.

After awhile the young priest had to determine, under fitting advice, upon his future career. The mission in Donegal naturally suggested itself, and those who had watched his college course with interest and satisfaction, would gladly have welcomed him home again amidst his native mountains, to reap the fruit of that spiritual and intellectual harvest which had been sown in hope and faith. But as yet it was not so to be.

Years of college discipline had deepened and widened his mind ; and with the culture which fitted him for higher aims than the ordinary career, had come the ardent desire of devoting himself in an especial manner to the service of his Divine Master. His love of study had taken too strong a hold upon him to be shaken off, or even loosened ; while the knowledge which he had acquired, and learned, in that acquirement, to appreciate aright, he felt a burning desire to communicate to others. He looked around for a fitting sphere of action, in

which both these aims might be achieved : and he quickly saw it in All Hallows College.

Our readers need scarcely to be informed that this is the great Foreign Missionary College of Ireland ; indeed we may add, that it is the largest Missionary College in the world. Its work is, as its name implies, to educate and train young men for the foreign missions, and to send them forth as priests to the five divisions of the world. Every land outside Ireland is to All Hallows a foreign mission. England has drawn numbers of its priests from this College, while Africa, Asia, America, and Australia can count its gifts from All Hallows by hundreds.

The College is peculiar in this respect among others, that its directors (who are also its professors) are not appointed by any external authority, but are themselves the electors whenever a vacant chair has to be filled.

There is nothing to tempt any one into its ranks who is not content with a very simple life ; but there are attractions for those who can appreciate them, which money cannot purchase and a luxurious life cannot know. All Hallows has never been without its needful staff, and what its directors have been in time past, the names of such Bishops as Dr. Moriarty of Kerry, Dr. Conroy of Ardagh, and his of whom we are now writing, will show : not to mention living divines who occupy high stations in the Church both at home and abroad. A life such as All Hallows offers, is just that which Father MacDevitt desired. He presented himself, underwent his probation, and was duly elected into the community in 1859.

The work for which he was especially fitted was soon assigned to him, and how highly his learning and mental discipline were estimated was shown by the nature of that work. He was made Professor of Logic and Metaphysics. Every one knows—at least every one who has anything to do with clerical education—how wide is the intellectual range herein implied, how many burning questions present themselves in the subjects which are discussed in such classes, and how especially momentous is the charge of such matters, when they have to be presented to young, ardent, and as yet but partially trained minds. What prudence is needed in the teacher, what wide and ever-extending reading in a class of literature which for unstable minds must of necessity be dangerous, what deep thought in the shaping of the knowledge thus acquired for the mind into which it is to be conveyed, what firmness of grasp where much is so

slippery, what clearness of exposition where all is so new to the young and inquiring mind, what power of imagination to render much that is dry, attractive and fascinating; and with all this, what self-denying control which can pause at the right moment and in the right place.

And yet in this high and responsible position was Father MacDevitt placed when he was yet young, and, fresh from his own studies, was called to guide and superintend those of others but a few years his juniors. The book before us shows how diligently he set himself to work, and gives us at some length "the plan of study he proposed to his class." That excellent "plan" shows how thoroughly he understood those he had to teach, how he entered into their difficulties, and how from his own past experience he taught them the spirit in which they must enter the intellectual arena, the arms they must use, and the manner in which they must wield them, that they may obtain the victor's crown. His own past diligence had taught him how useless what we call genius is without constant application and unflagging work. His own caution rendered him a careful guide, while his own bright imagination showed how that great gift can be turned to best account without allowing it to gain the mastery.

But beyond the special duties of his chair, Father MacDevitt had other intellectual requirements, which this course of life enabled him fully to satisfy. The far-seeing wisdom which had devised the order of study of the Dunboyne students at Maynooth, left much time at the disposal of those, who by their previous career had shown that they could be trusted in this matter. And thus it came to pass that he had time as well as inclination to cultivate a literary taste, and to imbue his mind with the best writings of our best authors. With all the polish and refinement which come of these combined studies, theological and literary, ancient and modern, to generous and noble souls, the young Professor took his place amid his colleagues, and imparted as well as received the profit which comes of intercourse among sympathetic and cultivated minds. How all this told upon him for good, the book before us shows, and this in a way which, thanks to the affection and generous solicitude of the author, is as rare as it is valuable.

Seldom, now-a-days, do we meet with a Boswell, even when a Dr. Johnson is pouring forth the words of wisdom; but here we have a brother noting down carefully the remarks, criticisms,

and reflections which are uttered in an afternoon walk, and selecting, from what must be a large collection, specimens which mark that intellectual progress.

For eleven years Father MacDevitt remained at All Hallows, working with an energy which told seriously upon his health, and contenting himself with his summer vacation for recruiting his strength, amidst his beloved mountains of Donegal and in the society of those who were dearest to him.

And then the time came, as it did to more than one of his predecessors, to be called forth by the voice of Peter, from the studious quiet of his professorial life, to the charge of his native diocese. He was consecrated Bishop of Raphoe in 1871.

Well was it for the diocese and for the young Bishop who was thus called to rule over it, that these eleven years had been so profitably spent in severe mental labours and in daily intellectual intercourse. The young student who had so diligently completed his College term, when he presented himself as a probationer for All Hallows, was a very different person from the experienced professor who quitted its precincts to rule over a diocese. The good seed had been sown at Maynooth, and much of what was to be perfected had been acquired there, but the harvesting came in these eleven years. The consolidation of powers, the formation of mental habits, the development and strengthening of the intellectual sinews, if not the passage of youth into manhood, at least of the immature into the matured man; these were the outcome of that most important and best part of life which qualified Bishop MacDevitt for his new sphere of action.

How soon he took his place not only among, but as a leader of that august body, the book before us shows.

One Bishop says: "At our meetings he invariably tried to conceal his commanding powers, but without success. We felt that his mind was cast in a superior mould, and if God had spared him we would have soon forced him into the position of leader." While another writes: "He was the ablest man among us; if one asked him a question upon any matter that turned up, in history, science, &c., he was always ready with a clear and satisfactory answer."²

In seven years his labours came to an end. He died in December, 1878, aged forty-six.

This brief episcopal career occupies the greater portion of

² Pp. 11, 12.

the memoir which the Bishop's brother has written. He lets the Bishop speak much for himself; and thus we are admitted into the sanctuary of his holy life, for it is in prayer, meditation, and spiritual instruction that the inner man is revealed. These are occupations in which, if ever, a man is real; for here he stands face to face with the Almighty and surely must speak the truth. And if this is so of ordinary men, how much more so, because in a much fuller sense, must it be of a holy Bishop? We see his intercourse with his priests: how he wins to the spiritual life, how he insists on personal sanctity, on the labour which must be incessant, and then shows how these heavy requirements are to be met, how this continuous strain upon the physical as well as upon the spiritual man is to be sustained: and that is by mental prayer. Then he dwells upon the absolute necessity of meditation, and illustrates his teaching by apt examples, of which four are given, remarkable alike for their originality of thought and vigour of expression.

Another chapter treats of the "Practices of Piety," where the teaching flowing from his own practice is full of wisdom and true unction. There is much of the spirit of St. Francis of Sales in all this, as indeed we should expect, seeing that the Bishop had chosen that loving, gentle, and wise Saint for his model and guide.

From the inner life sprung the outer manifestation which showed itself in the government of the diocese; the division of parochial labour, the annual retreat, and clerical conferences, with which are combined the needful care of those who are to toil for souls; and thus we hear of his anxiety to provide fitting parochial houses and a diocesan fund for the modest support of aged and infirm priests.

We may be sure that a mind thus diligent and careful for the shepherds would not neglect the sheep committed to their care, and still more, as he ever felt, to his own responsibility. The great and ever-urgent question of education in all its forms, primary, intermediate, and university, occupied his thoughts and found on all fitting occasions his zealous advocacy. How complicated the question is in Ireland most people know. How circumstances have raised difficulties which seem to baffle the most skilful in its treatment, how party strife and religious controversy have embittered minds, when calmness is so especially needed, all confess. It is sad that it should be so, but so it is. Upon this thorny path we are not about to enter.

This history of the whole question, at least in its later phase, is carefully written by the author of the memoir, and copiously illustrated by the writings and actions of the Bishop. There is a correspondence with Lord Lifford, which, though carried on in a newspaper, is happily free from that spirit which too often characterizes controversies through such a medium. The Bishop maintains his own with manly dignity, but with a true Christian courtesy, and the layman shows his appreciation of the tone by that of his replies.

It is quite refreshing in the midst of all these labours and anxieties, which seem the appointed lot of a zealous Bishop, to find the record of a continental tour; though even this is the discharge of a duty which carries every Bishop at certain intervals to Rome.

His companion was his old friend Dr. Conroy, the late zealous Bishop of Ardagh, who died in August, 1878, in the midst, and indeed borne down by the weight, of his incessant labours as Apostolic Delegate to Canada. They were fellow-directors at All Hallows College, were consecrated in the same month, and died in the same year. "It is," as our author says, "a beautiful, but affecting incident, that the last conversation they had together in this life was about All Hallows College. It took place on the occasion of consecrating the Church of Holy Cross, Clonliffe, and in a corner of one of the halls, where Dr. Moriarty (the illustrious Bishop of Kerry), another ex-director of All Hallows, brought them to exchange with him their views and reminiscences of the institution, where they were all diligent reapers in the harvest of the foreign missions."³ Quickly these three distinguished Bishops followed one another to the grave: the one to enjoy the recompense of a long and distinguished career, that placed him in the very foremost ranks of the Bishops of the Universal Church, the other two to lay their early, but not imperfect, work at the feet of Him Who judges not by length of days.

The volume—which is beautifully got up—aptly concludes with a sermon preached at the "Month's Mind" of the Bishop, by Dr. O'Brien, who has sketched therein in a masterly style, and with far more of detail than we have attempted, a portrait of the excellent Bishop whom we have introduced to our readers.

³ P. 345.

Dr. Johnson's Opinions on Religion.

"Praise not a man before he speaketh, for this is the trial of men."

Eccles. xxvii. 8.

IT seems hard to say of the truth-loving Johnson, that the merit of his conversation is that he is then taken in the act of telling the truth, and yet, in a certain sense, this expresses the peculiar advantage of his conversation over his writing. When he took his pen in hand he seemed, in the words of Boswell, "to be confined by a chain which early imagination and long habit made him think massy and strong." The weight of the Reformation was upon his shoulders—he got into Protestant form and folded his vigorous thought in cumbrous sonorous Latinisms, till it lost much of its pointedness, and would adapt itself to any phase of Anglican interpretation.

The following extracts from his conversations, as related by Boswell, have been chosen for their reference, directly or indirectly, to religion, especially, to the doctrines of the Catholic Church. They have been taken from different parts up and down the four volumes of Boswell's Life, and arranged according to their subject-matter, so that in some instances what was said at different times will appear to belong to the same conversation. If this is taking a liberty, I trust it has in no case done violence to the author's meaning. Of course, they do not give a complete picture of Johnson, but, at least, the general impression they have is pleasant and real. The popular picture of Johnson, such as Macaulay draws in his review of Croker's edition, is very amusing, but too much of a caricature, and it almost ignores the religious side of his character. Nothing fits a sincere man so close as his religion; and certainly in Dr. Johnson, when we consider his circumstances of dependence upon Protestant favour for the reputation and sale of his writings, the vigorous independence of his intellect is well shown by the bold way in which he expressed himself on religious matters. While at the same

time they show many of his other characteristics of mind, such as his rough good-natured combativeness, his wit, his melancholy, his hot temper, and withal his deep earnestness. Of course, the opinions of Dr. Johnson on religious subjects, great and good as he was, according to his light, are of little value to Catholics, except in dealing with Protestants. But even St. Paul did not disdain Gentile testimony when speaking to Gentiles.

These conversations are not perfectly consistent one with another, still less with others which might be found. But religious consistency is not expected outside the Catholic Church. The extracts illustrate, nearly in this order, his religious intolerance, hatred of infidelity, and fear of death; his view of Catholic doctrine, of Bible Protestantism, of convents and of ghosts, his sympathy with the Irish grievances and with conversion to the Catholic Church.

He thus refers to the religious impressions of his early life: "Sunday was a heavy day to me, when I was a boy. My mother confined me on that day, and made me read *The Whole Duty of Man*, from a great part of which I could derive no instruction. When, for instance, I had read the chapter on Theft, which from my infancy I had been taught was wrong, I was no more convinced that theft was wrong than before; so there was no accession of knowledge. A boy should be instructed in such books, by having his attention directed to the arrangement, to the style, and other excellences of composition; that the mind being thus engaged by an amusing variety of objects may not grow weary.¹ . . . I fell into an inattention to religion, or an indifference about it, in my ninth year. The church at Lichfield, in which we had a seat, wanted reparation, so I was to go and find a seat in other churches, and having bad eyes, and being awkward about this, I used to go and read in the fields on Sunday. This habit continued till my fourteenth year; and still I have a great reluctance to go to church. I then became a sort of lax talker against religion, for I did not much think against it; and this lasted till I went to Oxford, where it would not be suffered. When at Oxford, I took up Law's *Serious Call to a Holy Life*, expecting to find it a dull book (as such books generally are), and perhaps to laugh at it. But I found Law quite an over match for me; and this was the first occasion of my thinking in earnest of religion, after I became capable of rational inquiry."

¹ Vol. i. p. 23.

Although Johnson considered opinions as public property, to be tilted at by any knight-errant who felt in the humour to break a lance, he felt that religion was too vitally personal to be so exposed, and if attacked was to be defended in quite a different temper. Mr. Murray praised the ancient philosophers for the candour and good humour with which those of different sects disputed with each other. *Johnson*: "Sir, they disputed with good humour, because they were not in earnest as to religion. Had the ancients been serious in their belief, we should not have had their gods exhibited in the manner we find them represented in the poets. The people would not have suffered it. They disputed with good humour upon the fanciful theories, because they were not interested in the truth of them. When a man has nothing to lose, he may be in good humour with his opponent. Accordingly you see in *Lucian* that the Epicurean, who argues only negatively, keeps his temper; the Stoic, who has something positive to preserve; grows angry. Being angry with one who controverts an opinion which you value, is a necessary consequence of the uneasiness which you feel. Every man who attacks my belief diminishes in some degree my confidence in it, and therefore makes me uneasy. Those only who believed in revelation have been angry at having their faith called in question, because they only had something upon which they could rest as matter of fact."² *Murray*: "It seems to me that we are not angry at a man for controverting an opinion which we believe and value; we rather pity him." *Johnson*: "Why, sir, to be sure, when you wish a man to have that belief which you think is of infinite advantage, you wish well to him; but your primary consideration is your own quiet. If a madman were to come into this room with a stick in his hand, no doubt we should pity the state of his mind; but our primary consideration would be to take care of ourselves. We should knock him down first and pity him afterwards. No, sir; every man will dispute with great good humour upon a subject upon which he is not interested. I will dispute very calmly upon the probability of another man's son being hanged; but if a man zealously expresses the probability that my own son will be hanged, I shall certainly not be in a very good humour with him." *Murray*: "But, sir, truth will always bear an examination." *Johnson*: "Yes, sir, but it is painful to be forced to defend it. Consider, sir, how should

² Vol. iii. p. 27.

you like, though conscious of your innocence, to be tried before a jury for a capital crime once a week?"

Johnson's enlightened view of religious intolerance naturally follows from these principles. "Sir, you are, to a certain degree, hurt by knowing that even one man does not believe.³ Every society," he said, "has a right to preserve public peace and order, and therefore has a good right to prohibit the propagation of opinions which have a dangerous tendency. To say the magistrate has a right is using an inadequate word; it is the society for which the magistrate is agent. He may be morally or theologically wrong in restraining the propagation of opinions which he thinks dangerous, but he is politically right. Every man has a right to liberty of conscience, and with that the magistrate cannot interfere. People confound liberty of thinking with liberty of talking; nay, with liberty of preaching. Every man has a physical right to think as he pleases; for it cannot be discovered how he thinks. He has not a moral right, for he ought to inform himself, and think justly. But, sir, no member of a society has a right to teach any doctrine contrary to what the society holds to be true. The magistrate, I say, may be wrong in what he thinks; but while he thinks himself right, he may and ought to enforce what he thinks.⁴ Sir, the only method by which religious truth can be established is by martyrdom. The magistrate has a right to enforce what he thinks; and he who is conscious of the truth has a right to suffer. I am afraid there is no other way of ascertaining the truth but by persecution on the one hand and enduring on the other." *Goldsmith*: "Our first Reformers who were burnt for not believing bread and wine to be Christ——" *Johnson* (interrupting): "Sir, they were not burnt for not believing bread and wine to be Christ, but for insulting those who did believe it. And, sir, when the Reformers began, they did not intend to be martyred; as many of them ran away as could." *Mayo*: "But, sir, is it not very hard that I should not be allowed to teach my children what I really believe to be the truth?" *Johnson*: "Why, sir, you might contrive to teach your children *extra scandalum*; but, sir, the magistrate, if he knows it, has a right to restrain you. Suppose you teach your children to be thieves?" *Mayo*: "This is making a joke of the subject." *Johnson*: "No, sir, take it thus; that you teach the community of goods; for which there are as many plausible arguments as

³ Vol. iii. p. 256.

⁴ Vol. ii. p. 153.

for most erroneous doctrines. You teach them that all things at first were in common, and that no man had a right to anything but as he laid his hand upon it; and that this is, or ought to be, the rule amongst mankind. Here, sir, you sap a great principle in society, property. And don't you think the magistrate would have a right to prevent you? Or, suppose you teach your children the notion of the Adamites, and they should run naked through the streets, would not the magistrate have a right to flog 'em into their doublets? If I think it right to steal Mr. Dilly's plate, I am a bad man; but he can say nothing to me. If I make an open declaration that I think so, he will keep me out of his house. If I put forth my hand, I shall be sent to Newgate. This is the graduation of thinking, preaching, and acting; if a man thinks erroneously, he may keep his thoughts to himself, and nobody will trouble him, if he preaches erroneous doctrine, society will expel him, if he acts in consequence of it, the law takes place and he is hanged." *Mayo*: "But, sir, ought not Christians to have liberty of conscience?" *Johnson*: "I have already told you so, sir, you are coming back to where you were." *Boswell*: "Dr. Mayo is always taking a return post-chaise, and going the stage over again. He has it half-price." *Johnson*: "Dr. Mayo, like other champions of unlimited toleration, has got a set of words. Sir, it is no matter, politically, whether the magistrate be right or wrong. Suppose a club were formed to drink confusion to King George the Third and a happy restoration to Charles the Third, this would be very bad with respect to the State; but every member of that club must either conform to its rules or be turned out of it. Old Baxter, I remember, maintains that the magistrate should tolerate all things that are tolerable. This is no good definition of toleration upon any principle; but it shows that he thought that some things were not tolerable.⁵ Consider, sir, if you have children whom you wish to educate in the principles of the Church of England, and there comes a Quaker who tries to pervert them to his principles, you would drive away the Quaker. You would not trust to the predomination of right, which you believe is in your opinions; you will keep wrong out of their heads. Now the vulgar are the children of the State. If any one attempts to teach them doctrines contrary to what the State approves, the

⁵ Vol. iv. p. 150.

magistrate may and ought to restrain him." *Seward*: "Would you restrain private conversation, sir?" *Johnson*: "Why, sir, it is difficult to say where private conversation begins and where it ends. If we three should discuss even the great question concerning the existence of a supreme being by ourselves, we should not be restrained; for that would be to put an end to all improvement. But if we should discuss it in the presence of ten boarding-school girls and as many boys, I think the magistrate would do well to put us in the stocks, to finish the debate there."⁶ In short, sir, I have got no further than this: every man has a right to utter what he thinks truth, and every other man has a right to knock him down for it. Martyrdom is the test."

Of course, infidelity found no mercy at the hands of Johnson; it even prejudiced him against the natural abilities of unbelievers. Some one said that the character of an infidel was worse than any other. *Johnson*: "Sir, I agree with him; for the infidel would be guilty of any crime if he were inclined to it."⁷ "To find a substitute for violated morality," he said, "was the leading feature in all perversions of religion."⁸ No honest man could be a Deist, for no man could be so after a fair examination of the proofs of Christianity.⁹ Boswell suggested Hume as an honest Deist. *Johnson*: "No, sir; Hume owned to a clergyman in the bishopric of Durham that he had never read the New Testament with attention."¹⁰ Of Voltaire Johnson said: "These are the petty cavils of petty minds." Of Bolingbroke: "I never read Bolingbroke's impiety, and therefore am not interested in its confutation." "Sir, he was a scoundrel and a coward; a scoundrel for charging a blunderbuss against religion and morality; a coward, because he had not resolution to fire it off himself, but left half-a-crown to a beggarly Scotchman to draw the trigger after his death."¹¹ Speaking of Rousseau, Boswell asked: "Do you really think him a bad man?" *Johnson*: "Sir, if you are talking jestingly of this, I don't talk with you. If you mean to be serious, I think him one of the worst of men—a rascal who ought to be hunted out of society, as he has been. Three or four nations expelled him, and it is a shame that he is protected in this country." *Boswell*: "I don't think his intention was bad." *Johnson*: "Sir, that will not do. We cannot prove any man's

⁶ Vol. iv. p. 16.

⁷ Vol. iii. p. 33.

⁸ Vol. iii. p. 78.

⁹ Vol. ii. p. 5.

¹⁰ Vol. i. p. 290.

¹¹ Vol. i. p. 186.

intention to be bad. You may shoot a man through the head, and say you intended to miss him, but the judge will order you to be hanged. An alleged want of intention, when evil is committed, will not be allowed in a court of justice. Rousseau, sir, is a very bad man. I would sooner sign a sentence for his transportation than that of any felon who has gone from the Old Bailey these many years. Yes, I should like to have him work in the plantations." Boswell: "Sir, do you think him as bad as Voltaire?" Johnson: "Why, sir, it is difficult to settle the proportion of iniquity between them."¹²

The breadth of Johnson's mind is shown by his fully recognizing, in spite of his love of logic, the truth which Cardinal Newman lays so much stress upon in his *Grammar of Assent*, that logic is an inadequate instrument of the human understanding, and that some of the most fundamental beliefs of mankind rest on proofs stronger than logic. For instance, discussing the freedom of the will he said: "You are surer that you are free than you are of prescience; you are surer that you can lift your finger or not, as you please, than you are of any conclusion from a deduction from reasoning. But let us consider a little the objection from prescience. It is certain that I am either to go home to-night or not; that does not prevent my freedom. If I am well acquainted with a man, I can judge with great probability how he will act in any case, without his being restrained by my judging. God may have this probability increased to certainty."¹³ Later on he concluded: "All theory is against the freedom of the will; all experience for it." "But, sir, as to the doctrine of necessity, no man believes it. If a man should give me arguments that I do not see, though I could not answer them, should I believe that I do not see."¹⁴

"I mentioned to Dr. Johnson," says Boswell, "that David Hume's persisting in his infidelity, when he was dying, shocked me much." Johnson: "Why should it shock you, sir? Hume owned he had never read the Testament with attention. Here, then, was a man who had been at no pains to inquire into the truth of religion, and had continually turned his mind the other way. It was not to be expected that the prospect of death would alter his way of thinking, unless God should send an angel to set him right."¹⁵ Johnson had a great fear of death. But it was no weak timidity. It was a lively faith in the

¹² Vol. ii. p. 7.¹³ Vol. iii. p. 196.¹⁴ Vol. iv. p. 22.¹⁵ Vol. iii. p. 102.

strictness of God's judgments, without the hope and consolation which the Catholic Church alone can offer through her sacraments. *Boswell*: "Is not the fear of death natural to man?" *Johnson*: "So much so, that the whole of life is but keeping away the thoughts of it." . . . "I know not whether I should wish to have a friend by me, or have it all between God and myself." "No rational man can die without uneasy apprehension."¹⁶ *Mrs. Knowles*: "The Scripture tells us 'the righteous shall have hope in his death.'" *Johnson*: Yes, madam; that is, he shall not have despair. But consider, his hope of salvation must be founded on the terms on which it is promised that the mediation of our Saviour shall be applied to us, namely, obedience; and, where obedience has failed, then, as supplementary to it, repentance. But what man can say that his obedience has been such as he would approve of in another, or even in himself upon close examination, or that his repentance has not been such as to require being repented of? No man can be sure that his obedience and repentance will obtain salvation." *Mrs. Knowles*: "But Divine intimation of acceptance may be made to the soul." *Johnson*: "Madam, it may; but I should not think the better of a man who should tell me, on his death-bed, he was sure of salvation. A man cannot be sure himself that he has Divine intimation of acceptance, much less can he make others sure that he has it." *Boswell*: "Then, sir, we must be content to acknowledge that death is a terrible thing." *Johnson*: "Yes, sir; I have made no approaches to a state which can look on it as not terrible." *Mrs. Knowles*: "Does not St. Paul say, 'I have fought the good fight of faith, I have finished my course; henceforth is laid up for me a crown of life?'" *Johnson*: "Yes, madam; but here was a man inspired, a man who had been converted by supernatural interposition." *Boswell*: "In prospect death is dreadful; but in fact we find that people die easy." *Johnson*: "Why, sir, most people have not thought much of the matter, so cannot say much, and it is supposed they die easy. Few believe it certain they are then to die, and those who do set themselves to behave with resolution, as a man does who is going to be hanged." *Miss Seward*: "There is one mode of the fear of death which is certainly absurd, and that is the dread of annihilation, which is only a pleasing sleep without a dream." *Johnson*: "It is neither pleasing nor sleep; it is nothing. Now mere existence is so

¹⁶ Vol. iv. 54.

much better than nothing, that one would rather exist, even in pain, than not exist. . . . The lady confounds annihilation, which is nothing, with the apprehension of it, which is dreadful. It is in the apprehension of it that the horror of annihilation consists."

Boswell said he had reason to believe that the thought of annihilation gave Hume no pain. *Johnson*: "It was not so, sir; he had a vanity in being thought easy. It is more probable that he should assume an appearance of ease, than so very improbable a thing should be, as a man not afraid of going (as, in spite of his delusive theory, he cannot be sure but he may go), into an unknown state, and not being uneasy at leaving all he knew."¹⁷ Boswell said Hume had told him that he felt no uneasiness at the thought of annihilation at death. *Johnson*: "Sir, if he really thinks so his perceptions are disturbed; he is mad. If he does not think so, he lies. He may tell you he holds his finger in the flame of a candle without feeling pain; would you believe him? When he dies he at least gives up all he has."¹⁸ Johnson said "he never had a moment in which death was not terrible to him." He added that "it had been observed that scarce any man dies in public but with apparent resolution, from that desire of praise which never quits." Boswell said Dr. Dodd seemed willing to die, and full of hopes of happiness. "Sir," said Johnson, "Dr. Dodd would have given both his hands and both his legs to have lived. The better a man is the more he is afraid of death, having a clearer view of infinite purity."¹⁹ He owned that our being in an unhappy uncertainty as to our salvation was mysterious, and said, "Ah! we must wait till we are in another state of being to have many things explained to us." At another time he said, "It matters not how a man dies, but how he lives. The act of dying is not of importance, it lasts so short a time." He added (with an earnest look), "A man knows it must be so, and submits. It will do him no good to whine."²⁰ "Some people are not afraid, because they look upon salvation as the effect of an absolute decree, and think they feel in themselves the marks of sanctification. Others, and those the most rational in my opinion, look upon salvation as conditional; and, as they never can be sure that they have complied with the conditions, they are afraid."²¹

At another time, when Johnson said that he was oppressed

¹⁷ Vol. iii. p. 102.

¹⁸ Vol. ii. p. 54.

¹⁹ Vol. iii. p. 102.

²⁰ Vol. ii. p. 63.

²¹ Vol. iv. 190.

with the fear of death, Dr. Adams suggested that God was infinitely good. *Johnson*: "That He is infinitely good, as far as the perfection of His nature will allow, I certainly believe; but it is necessary for good, upon the whole, that individuals should be punished. As to an individual, therefore, He is not infinitely good; and as I cannot be sure that I have fulfilled the conditions on which salvation is granted, I am afraid I may become one of those who shall be damned." *Dr. Adams*: "What do you mean by damned?" *Johnson* (passionately and loudly): "Sent to Hell, sir, and punished everlastingly." *Dr. Adams*: "I don't believe that doctrine." *Johnson*: "Hold, sir; do you believe that some will be punished at all?" *Dr. Adams*: "Being excluded from Heaven will be a punishment; yet there may be no great positive suffering." *Johnson*: "Well, sir, but if you admit any degree of punishment, there is an end of your argument, for infinite goodness, simply considered, would inflict no punishment whatever. There is no infinite goodness physically considered; morally there is. . . . A man may have such a degree of hope as to keep him quiet. You see I am not quiet, from the vehemence with which I talk; but I do not despair." *Mrs. Adams*: "You seem to forget, sir, the merits of our Redeemer." *Johnson*: "Madam, I do not forget the merits of my Redeemer, but my Redeemer has said, that He will set some on His right hand and some on His left."²²

"He told me," says Boswell, "that he remembered distinctly having had the first notion of Heaven, a place to which good people went, and Hell, a place to which bad people went, communicated to him by his mother, when a little child in bed with her; and that it might be better fixed in his memory, she sent him to repeat it to Thomas Jackson, their man-servant."²³

Boswell: "One of the most pleasing thoughts is, that we shall see our friends again." *Johnson*: "Yes, sir, but you must consider, that when we are become purely rational, many of our friendships will be cut off. Many friendships are formed by a community of sensual pleasure: all these will be cut off. We form many friendships with bad men, because they have agreeable qualities, and they can be useful to us; but after death, we shall see every one in true light. Then, sir, they talk of our meeting our relations; but then all relationship is dissolved, and we shall have no regard for one person more than another, but for their real value. However, we shall either have the satis-

²² Vol. iv. p. 203.²³ Vol. i. p. 3.

faction of meeting our friends, or be satisfied without meeting them." *Boswell*: "Yet, sir, we see in Scripture that Dives still retained an anxious concern about his brethren." *Johnson*: "Why, sir, we must either suppose that passage to be metaphorical, or hold with many divines and all the Purgatorians, that departed souls do not all at once arrive at the utmost perfection of which they are capable." *Boswell*: "I think, sir, that is a very rational supposition." *Johnson*: "Why, yes, sir; but we do not know that this is a true one. There is no harm in believing it; but you must not compel others to make it an article of faith; for it is not revealed." *Boswell*: "Do you think it wrong in a man who holds the doctrine of Purgatory to pray for the souls of his deceased friends?" *Johnson*: "Why, no, sir."²⁴

On another occasion *Boswell* asked: "What do you think, sir, of Purgatory as believed by the Roman Catholics?" *Johnson*: "Why, sir, it is a very harmless doctrine. They are of opinion that the generality of mankind are neither so obstinately wicked as to deserve everlasting punishment, nor so good as to merit being admitted into the society of blessed spirits; and therefore that God is graciously pleased to allow of a middle state, where they may be purified by certain degrees of suffering. You see, sir, there is nothing unreasonable in this." *Boswell*: "But then, sir, their Masses for the dead?" *Johnson*: "Why, sir, if it be once established that there are souls in Purgatory, it is as proper to pray for them as for our brethren of mankind who are yet in this life." *Boswell*: "The idolatry of the Mass?" *Johnson*: "Sir, there is no idolatry in the Mass. They believe God to be there, and they adore Him?" *Boswell*: "The worship of the saints?" *Johnson*: "Sir, they do not worship saints; they invoke them: they only ask their prayers. I am talking all this time of the doctrines of the Church of Rome. I grant you that, in practice, Purgatory is made a lucrative imposition, and that the people do become idolatrous as they recommend themselves to the tutelary protection of particular saints. I think their giving the Sacrament only in one kind is criminal, because it is contrary to the express institution of Christ, and I wonder how the Council of Trent admitted it."²⁵ *Boswell*: "Confessions?" *Johnson*: "Why, I don't know but that is a good thing. The Scripture says: Confess your faults to one another, and the priests confess as

²⁴ Vol. ii. p. 99.²⁵ Vol. ii. p. 62.

well as the laity. Then it must be considered that their absolution is only upon repentance, and often upon penance also. You think your sins may be forgiven without penance upon repentance alone."²⁶

"Of communion under one kind," he said on another occasion, "they may think that in what is merely ritual deviations from the primitive mode may be admitted on the ground of convenience; and I think they are as well warranted to make this alteration as we are to substitute sprinkling in the room of the ancient Baptism. As to the invocation of saints," he said, "though I do not think it unauthorized, it appears to me that the communion of saints in the Creed means the communion with the saints in Heaven as connected with the Holy Catholic Church."²⁷ *Boswell*: "Does not the invocation of saints suppose omnipresence in the saints?" *Johnson*: "No, sir, it supposes only pluripresence; and when spirits are divested of matter, it seems probable that they should see with more extent than in an embodied state. There is, therefore, no approach to an invasion of any of the Divine attributes in the invocation of saints. But I think it will-worship and presumption. I see no command for it, and and therefore I think it safer not to practice it."²⁸

Boswell: "So, sir, you are no great enemy to the Roman Catholic religion." *Johnson*: "No more, sir, than to the Presbyterian religion." *Boswell*: "You are joking." *Johnson*: "No, sir, I really think so. Nay, sir, of the two I prefer the Popish." *Boswell*: "How so, sir?" *Johnson*: "Why, sir, the Presbyterians have no church, no apostolic ordination." *Boswell*: "And do you think that absolutely essential, sir?" *Johnson*: "Why, sir, as it was an Apostolical institution, I think it is dangerous to be without it. And, sir, the Presbyterians have no public worship, they have no form of prayer in which they know they are to join. They go to hear a man pray, and are to judge whether they will join with him." *Boswell*: "But, sir, their doctrine is the same with that of the Church of England. Their Confession of Faith and the Thirty-nine Articles contain the same points, even the doctrine of predestination." *Johnson*: "Why, yes, sir; predestination was a part of the clamour of the times, so it is mentioned in our Articles, but with as little positiveness as could be." *Boswell*: "Is it necessary, sir, to believe all the Thirty-nine Articles?" *Johnson*:

²⁶ Vol. ii. p. 60.

²⁷ Vol. iv. p. 198.

²⁸ Vol. ii. p. 157.

"Why, sir, that is a question which has been much agitated. Some have thought it necessary that they should be all believed, others have considered them to be only articles of peace; that is to say, you are not to preach against them. Sir, they talk of making boys at the University subscribe to what they do not understand; but they ought to consider that our Universities were founded to bring up members for the Church of England, and we must not supply our enemies with arms from our arsenal. No, sir, the meaning of subscribing is, not that they fully understand all the Articles, but that they will adhere to the Church of England. Now take it in this way, and suppose that they should only subscribe their adherence to the Church of England, there would be still the same difficulty; for still the young men would be subscribing to what they did not understand. For if you should ask them, What do you mean by the Church of England? Do you know in what it differs from the Presbyterian Church, from the Romish Church, from the Greek Church, from the Coptic Church? They could not tell you. So, sir, it comes to the same thing." Boswell suggested the subscription to the Bible. *Johnson*: "Why, no, sir. For all sects will subscribe the Bible. Nay, the Mahometans will subscribe the Bible. For the Mahometans acknowledge Jesus Christ, as well as Moses, but maintain that God sent Mahomet as a still greater prophet than either."²⁹

Johnson evidently felt the necessity of a law-giving and conscience-binding Church, and saw that the Bible and the Thirty-nine Articles could not be made to take the place of a definite creed. At the same time he defended the English Establishment, because he belonged to it, just as he would have defended, if necessary, the person of his Hanoverian sovereign, although he felt the higher claims of the Stuarts. Johnson said: "Our religion is in a book. We have an order of men whose duty it is to teach it; and this is in general pretty well observed. Yet ask the first ten gross men you meet, and hear what they can tell of their religion." Boswell says: "I mentioned an acquaintance of mine, a sectary, who was a very religious man, who not only attended regularly on public worship with those of his communion, but made a particular study of the Scriptures, and even wrote a commentary on some parts of them, yet was known to be very licentious, &c. . . . maintaining that men are

²⁹ Vol. ii. p. 93.

to be saved by faith alone, and that the Christian religion had not prescribed any fixed rule for the intercourse between the sexes." *Johnson*: "Sir, there is no trusting to that crazy piety."

Though Johnson had not the Catholic feeling about monks and nuns, his appreciation of them would put to shame many in a more enlightened age. "If convents," he said, should be allowed at all, they should only be retreats for persons unable to serve the public, or who have served it. It is our first duty to serve society; and after we have done that, we may attend wholly to the salvation of our own souls. A youthful passion for abstracted devotion should not be encouraged."³¹ After returning from his tour in France, he remarked: "And, sir, I was kindly treated by the English Benedictines, and have a cell appropriated to me in their convent."³² He did not, however, understand the merit of the entire sacrifice of the will to God involved in solemn vows. "It is as unreasonable," he said, "for a man to go into a Carthusian convent for fear of being immoral, as for a man to cut off his hands for fear he should steal. There is indeed great resolution in the immediate act of dismembering himself; but when that is once done, he has no longer any merit; for though it is out of his power to steal, yet he may all his life be a thief in his heart. So when a man has once become a Carthusian, he is obliged to continue so, whether he chooses it or not. Their silence, too, is absurd. We read in the Gospel of the Apostles being sent to preach, but not to hold their tongues. All severity that does not tend to increase good or prevent evil, is idle. I said to the Lady Abbess of a convent, 'Madam, you are here, not for the love of virtue, but the fear of vice.' She said she should remember this as long as she lived."³³ Boswell said to him one day: "But you would not have me bind myself by a solemn obligation?" *Johnson*: "What! a vow? Oh, no, sir, a vow is a horrible thing. It is a snare for sin. The man who cannot go to Heaven without a vow, may go——"³⁴

His own acts show that he did not ignore the benefit of mortification, or even its expiatory power. "Once, indeed," said Johnson, "I was disobedient; I refused to attend my father to Uttoxeter market. Pride was the source of that refusal, and the remembrance of it was painful. A few years ago I desired to atone for this fault; I went to Uttoxeter in very bad weather, and stood for a considerable time bare-headed in the rain, on

³¹ Vol. ii. p. 6.³² Vol. ii. p. 250.³³ Vol. ii. p. 272.³⁴ Vol. iii. p. 241.

the spot where my father's stall used to stand. In contrition I stood, and I hope the penance was expiatory."³⁵

"Sir, I have no objection to a man's drinking wine, if he can do it in moderation. I found myself apt to go to excess in it, and therefore, after having been for some time without it, on account of illness, I thought it better not to return to it. Every man is to judge for himself, according to the effects which he experiences. One of the Fathers tells us he found fasting made him so peevish, that he did not practise it."

His judgments about the appearance of ghosts show how rational his mind was, without being materialistic. "I am sorry," he said, "that John (Wesley) did not take more pains to inquire into the evidence for it."³⁶ *Miss Seward*: "What, sir, about a ghost?" *Johnson*: "Yes, madam; this is a question which, after five thousand years, is yet undecided; a question whether in theology or philosophy, one of the most important that can come before the human understanding."³⁷ "It is wonderful that five thousand years have now elapsed since the creation of the world, and still it is undecided whether or not there has ever been an instance of the spirit of any person appearing after death. All good argument is against it, but all belief is for it." "A total disbelief in them is adverse to the opinion of the existence of the soul between death and the last day; the question simply is, whether departed spirits ever have the power of making themselves perceptible to us. A man who thinks he has an apparition, can only be convinced himself; his authority will not convince another; his conviction, if rational, must be founded on being told something which cannot be known but by supernatural means."³⁸ Johnson said that one day at Oxford, as he was turning the key of his chamber, he heard his mother distinctly call "Sam." She was then at Lichfield. He admitted the influence of evil spirits upon our minds, and said: "Nobody who believes the New Testament can deny it."³⁹ The following prayer of Johnson after his wife's death, is very illustrative of his religious feeling about spirits: "O Lord, Governor of Heaven and earth, in Whose hands are embodied and departed spirits, if Thou hast ordained the souls of the dead to minister to the living, and appointed my departed wife to have care of me, grant that I may enjoy the good effects of her attentive ministration, whether exercised by appearance, im-

³⁵ Vol. iv. p. 253.

³⁶ Vol. iii. p. 177.

³⁷ Vol. iii. p. 155.

³⁸ Vol. iv. p. 70.

³⁹ Vol. iv. p. 198.

pulses, dreams, or in any other manner agreeable to Thy government. Forgive my presumption, enlighten my ignorance, and however meaner agents are employed, grant me the blessed influences of Thy Holy Spirit, through Jesus Christ our Lord."⁴⁰

One of the most refreshing characteristics of this typical Englishman was his hearty sympathy with Catholic Ireland. "The Irish," he said, "are in a most unnatural state, for we see there the minority prevailing over the majority. There is no instance even in the ten persecutions of such severity as that which the Protestants of Ireland have exercised against the Catholics. Did we tell them we have conquered them, it would be above-board; to punish them by confiscation and other penalties, as rebels, was monstrous injustice. King William was not their lawful sovereign: he had not been acknowledged by the Parliament of Ireland when they appeared in arms against him."⁴¹ To Sir Thomas Robinson, who said he feared that the Corn Laws proposed for Ireland would be prejudicial to English corn trade: "Sir Thomas, you talk the language of a savage. What, sir, would you prevent any people from feeding themselves, if by any honest means they can do it?" To an Irish gentleman he said: "Do not make a union with us, sir; we shall unite with you only to rob you."⁴² To a gentleman who hinted that the debilitating policy of the British Government might be necessary to support the authority of the English Government, he replied by saying: "Let the authority of the English Government perish, rather than be maintained by iniquity. Better would it be to restrain the turbulence of the natives by the authority of the sword, and to make them amenable to law and justice by an effectual and vigorous police, than to grind them to powder by all manner of disabilities and incapacities. Better," said he, "to hang or drown people at once, than by an unrelenting persecution to beggar and starve them."⁴³

Johnson was too honest to pretend to confound the Catholic Church with the herd of sects around her. Nor was he so lenient towards converts to any other religion as to Catholic converts. Of a young lady who became a Quaker, he said: "She could not have any proper conviction that it was her duty to change her religion, which is the most important of all subjects, and should be studied with all care and with all the helps we can get. She knew no more of the Church which she left and that

⁴⁰ Vol. i. p. 129.⁴¹ Vol. ii. p. 156.⁴² Vol. iii. p. 274.⁴³ Vol. ii. p. 73.

which she joined than she did of the difference between the Copernican and Ptolemaic systems." *Mrs. Knowles*: "She had the New Testament before her." *Johnson*: "Madam, she could not understand the New Testament, the most difficult book in the world, for which the study of a life is required." *Mrs. Knowles*: "It is clear as to essentials." *Johnson*: "But not as to controversial points. The heathens were easily converted, because they had nothing to give up. But we ought not, without very strong conviction indeed, to desert the religion in which we have been educated. That is the religion given to you, the religion in which it may be said Providence has placed you. If you live conscientiously in that religion, you may be safe. But error is dangerous indeed, if you err when you choose a religion for yourself." *Mrs. Knowles*: "Must we, then, go by implicit faith?" *Johnson*: "Why, madam, the greatest part of our knowledge is implicit faith; and as to religion, have we heard all that a disciple of Confucius, all that a Mahometan can say for himself?"

Mrs. Hennicot spoke of her brother, the Rev. Mr. Chamberlayne, who had given up great prospects in the Church of England on his conversion to the Roman Catholic Faith. *Johnson* exclaimed fervently, "God bless him."⁴⁴ "A man," he said, "who is converted from Protestantism to Popery may be sincere; he parts with nothing: he is only superadding to what he already had. But a convert from Popery to Protestantism gives up so much of what he has held as sacred as anything that he retains; there is so much laceration of mind in such a conversion, that it can hardly be sincere and lasting." It is not surprising that *Johnson* did not realize what was involved in becoming a thorough Catholic. "If you join the Papists," he said, "externally, they will not interrogate you strictly as to your belief in their tenets. No reasoning Papist believes every article of their faith. There is one side on which a good man might be persuaded to embrace it. A good man of a timorous disposition, in great doubt of his acceptance with God, and pretty credulous, may be glad to be of a Church where there are so many helps to get to Heaven. I would be a Papist if I could. I have fear enough, but an obstinate rationality prevents me. I shall never be a Papist, unless, on the near approach of death, of which I have a great terror. I wonder that women are not all Papists." *Boswell*: "They are not more

⁴⁴ Vol. iv. p. 197.

afraid of death than men are." *Johnson* : "Because they are less wicked." *Dr. Adams* : "They are more pious." *Johnson* : "No, hang 'em, they are not more pious. A wicked fellow is the most pious when he takes to it. He'll beat you all at piety."

Like most religious Protestants, he had a great admiration for the *Imitation*. "Thomas à Kempis," he observed, "must be a good book, as the world has opened its arms to receive it. It is said to have been printed, in one language or other, as many times as there have been months since it first came out. I always was struck with this sentence in it : "Be not angry that you cannot make others as you wish them to be, since you cannot make yourself as you wish to be."

The account of Johnson's last moments will make an appropriate conclusion to his religious conversations. And it is satisfactory to see how peacefully he met the enemy he had so feared during life. Johnson asked Dr. Brocklesby to tell him plainly whether he could recover. "Give me a direct answer." The doctor, having first asked him if he could bear the whole truth which way soever it might lead, and being answered that he could, declared that in his opinion he could not recover without a miracle. "Then," said Johnson, "I will take no more physics, not even opiates ; for I have prayed that I may render up my soul to God unclouded." In this resolution he persevered, and at the same time used only the weakest kind of sustenance. Being pressed by Mr. Windham to take somewhat more generous nourishment, lest too low a diet should have the very effect which he dreaded, by debilitating his mind, he said : "I will take anything but inebriating sustenance." From the time that he was certain that his death was near, he appeared to be perfectly resigned, was seldom or never fretful or out of temper, and often said to his faithful servant : "Attend, Francis, to the salvation of your soul, which is the object of greatest importance." He also explained to him passages in the Scripture, and seemed to have pleasure in talking upon religious subjects. On Monday, the 13th of December, 1784, the day on which he died, a Miss Morris, daughter of a particular friend of his, called, and said to Francis that she begged to be permitted to see the Doctor, that she might earnestly request him to give her his blessing. Francis went into his room, followed by the young lady, and delivered the message. The Doctor turned himself in his bed and said, "God bless you, my dear." These were

the last words he spoke. His difficulty of breathing increased till about seven o'clock in the evening, when Mrs. Barber and Mrs. Demoulins, who were sitting in the room, observed that the noise he made in breathing had ceased, went to the bed and found that he was dead.

It must be admitted that the life and death of Dr. Johnson form a striking example of how much real religion may exist in one who has not the true faith, and of the impossibility of enjoying the light and peace of the Catholic Church outside her pale. One hesitates whether most to pity the earnest voice "crying in the night—crying for the light," or to despise the maternal incapacity of the English Establishment that was unable to minister consolation to one so religious in the doubts and anxieties of life, or even in the dark hour of his death.

CHARLES E. RYDER.

Catholic Review.

I.—NOTES ON THE PRESS.

I.—RITUALISTS AND ANGLICANS. BY THE REV. A. F. NORTHCOTE.

In the Nineteenth Century.

WE hope we are not taking a liberty with the writer of a paper under the title quoted above, in the current number (February) of the *Nineteenth Century*, if we say that his article strikes us as the production of a man still young. There is a naive simplicity about the author's view of facts which we can only attribute to a want of acquaintance with the past—whether it be the immediate past, or the more distant past, of his own religious community. In a lamentable want of study of the Elizabethan era, the era of the birth and formation of the present system of Anglicanism, Mr. Northcote, we are afraid, is by no means singular among the clergy of the Establishment. These gentlemen, and especially the more “advanced” among them, have a very suspicious habit of avoiding the lines of reading which might enable them, in the words of the Prophet, to look at the rock whence they are hewn and the hole of the pit from which they were dug out. We might advise such thinkers as Mr. Northcote to read the volumes in which one of their own brethren, Dr. F. G. Lee, has lately described, with a certain amount of accuracy, the doings of Elizabeth and her Bishops in the matter of doctrine and ritual. But Mr. Northcote, as we shall point out presently, ignores the very fundamental principles of Anglicanism altogether. He does not seem to be conscious of the very elementary and vitally important fact of the Royal Supremacy, and he has a very false impression even of the principles on which the Tractarian movement was started. Over and over again, Catholics have to make the same complaint of advanced High Churchmen, especially of those who do not

¹ Pp. 343, seq.

reject the appellation of Ritualists. These gentlemen seem deliberately to act, and to make all they can influence act also, on the principle of no inquiry into any facts or reasonings which may be disagreeable. We say it with full deliberation—we do not believe that one Ritualist in twenty, has ever gone into the subject of the degree to which the Anglican Communion is bound to the transference to the Crown of that supreme authority which in old days was attributed in England to the Holy See—or into the question of the true meaning of the Anglican formularies, to which they are themselves bound by the most solemn pledges—or into the question of Anglican Orders—or into the ancient and Catholic doctrine as to the sin of schism, and other and many important points which might be named. We are not sure, after all, that it is not a point of the Ritualist creed that all compromising questions of this sort should be avoided as a matter of duty, and we have known some of the party who made it a boast that they had avoided such. It is this which makes it so difficult to treat them as serious reasoners, as men who are not playing with sacred things.

Mr. Northcote's article is smartly written, but it has this inherent defect in the eyes of an outsider. He professes to defend the Ritualists from the charges of disloyalty brought against them by the Evangelicals and the modern High Churchmen; but he chiefly attends to the latter party. The points at issue between these two parties, he tells us, may be stated as three, the limits and extent of Episcopal jurisdiction, the degree to which the English Communion may claim for her own the doctrine and practice of the "pre-Reformation" Church, and the amount of ritual on which it is right to insist in the present state of the English Church. As to the first point, Mr. Northcote says a number of things which are very true, about the possible exaggeration by bishops of their powers. It was for the purpose, among other things, of correcting this possible evil—bishops as such being no more infallible or impeccable than priests as such—that we believe the Divine Author of the system of the Catholic Church to have made the Holy See the centre of unity, authority, and jurisdiction. The pre-Reformation Church, of which Mr. Northcote does not seem to have made much study, had a very easy and open way of correcting any overweening claims on the part of bishops. That way was, an appeal to the one permanent supreme

authority to which bishops are subject, the Holy See. The post-Reformation English Establishment transferred the authority of the Pope to the Sovereign, and there Mr. Northcote will find it—not in the free election of bishops, or in synods, or in any other imaginary tribunal of which he may dream. If you reject the supreme authority of the Holy See, you must naturally fall into Presbyterianism—a process which is now rapidly taking place in the minds and wishes of the Ritualists—or you must have recourse to the supreme temporal ruler.

But, as to this point, we are here chiefly concerned with a most gross misstatement of fact on the part of Mr. Northcote. We should have thought that if there was one point more clear about the founders of the Tractarian school than another, it would have been the fact that they adopted the "Ignatian" theory about the bishops being divinely appointed centres of unity and jurisdiction, with nothing further above or beyond them, and that their deference to their bishops, in consequence, was even exaggerated in its loyalty. Yet Mr. Northcote has the temerity to declare, in so many words, that the original position occupied by the Anglican party with regard to the subject of the authority of bishops was "however much their successors may repudiate it, identical with that of the Ritualists at the present time." A more reckless assertion was never made. Mr. Northcote seems never to have read the *Apologia* of Cardinal Newman, or the two volumes of the *Via Media*, or the pamphlets and other publications of the early Tractarian time. If he has read them, he must know that they directly contradict his assertion. Nor has he any authority on which to rest this extravagant misstatement, except a quotation from a pamphlet of Dr. Irons, in 1847—that is, many years after the cessation of the *Tracts* themselves in obedience to the simple expression of the wish of the Bishop of Oxford—and two years after the crisis of the Tractarian movement brought on by the secession of Mr. Newman. Mr. Northcote may tell us, if he likes, that the early Tractarians were mistaken, and that many of them lived long enough in the Anglican communion to discover their mistake. There we might perhaps agree with him. But he says quite the reverse of this. He actually asserts that Mr. Newman, Mr. Keble, and the other leaders of this movement, took the same attitude of defiance and even scornful and contumelious disregard of the authority of the Anglican Bishops of their time as is now taken by the

Ritualists. To say this is to do something more than to pledge himself to a statement which any one with the slightest acquaintance with history knows to be untrue. It is to do more than this—it is to show, to any one capable of judging, that Mr. Northcote reads the history to which he appeals through no other medium than that of his own imagination.

The second head of Mr. Northcote's defence of the Ritualist position need not detain us long. Every one can understand the unpractical character of the claim, that whatever was not directly proscribed in the alterations made in the Prayer-book and Liturgy of the Establishment by Queen Elizabeth and her counsellors remains in force. The alterations made by the Queen and Parliament at that time amounted to the introduction of a new religion. They were dictated, as Mr. Northcote ought to know, but appears not to know, by a decided Calvinistic doctrine, which breathes through the whole of the formularies of that time, as the Catholic doctrine of the Sacrifice and the Real Presence and of Transubstantiation breathed in the formularies which were discarded. Mr. Northcote would probably be one of a party of Anglican clergymen who would resist to the utmost—and perhaps set up a Church of their own if their resistance was not successful—any attempt further to alter the present Anglican formularies in the direction of Protestant doctrine. If the Absolution were struck out of the service for the Visitation of the sick, if the passages in which Confession is alluded to were struck out of the Communion Service, if the word "priest" were changed into the word elder, and if a few other such changes were carried into execution by authority in the Establishment, we should probably hear a great deal of the resolution of some of the Ritualists not to obey the law, and to secede to a new communion rather than give up the few shreds which yet remain to them of apparent Catholicism in their formularies. They would argue that such changes were intended to show a change of doctrine in the Church of England. Well then, and what was done at the time when the present system of Anglicanism was set up by authority? Nothing short of a radical extermination of the old Catholic doctrine was intended, and the thorough character of this change, and of the elimination of Catholic doctrine, was shown in the most conclusive manner by the fact that even certain remnants and trappings of Catholicism which were left in the formularies became obsolete. That is, the spirit of the new religion forced its adherents even

beyond the letter of their own new formularies. This might be illustrated by a score of instances from history.

Mr. Northcote writes, in happy unconsciousness of the blow he is dealing against the branch of the tree on which he is sitting, "Ritual is the exponent of and the outcome of Catholic doctrine, and the very fierceness of the contest which now wages round it is in itself a proof of its value and importance." Very well; and what was the ritual which the Anglican Establishment practically adopted immediately after her "Reformation?" With the rubric on which the modern Ritualists so much insist staring them in the face, the ministers of Elizabeth's time—many of them of the lowest of the populace, many of them not even ordained by the so-called Bishops of the Establishment, many of them the mere scum of the laity—never thought for a moment of the vestments of a certain year of King Edward, but carried out the doctrine which their formularies and authorities taught them, by desecrating churches, setting up tables in the middle of the naves, and sitting round them for what they called "the Supper," exactly as they would for any ordinary meal. This was the way in which the lineal ancestors of Mr. Northcote in the Anglican ministry showed their appreciation of truth on which he is so unwise as to insist—that doctrine begets ritual. Yes—as good doctrine begets high ritual, so does bad doctrine beget low ritual.

Let Mr. Northcote apply his own test. Let him judge of the Establishment by its ritual. If ritual is the outcome of doctrine, we can tell the doctrine from the ritual. What was the ritual of the Establishment in the days of Hooker? or Pearson? or Tillotson? or even of Bishop Butler? or Archbishop Howley? If the innovations of the Ritualists prove that they wish to reintroduce Catholic doctrine, what do the innovations of the reformers prove except their joy at having got rid of it? They had killed the doctrine, and they danced over its grave in their desecrations of worship and ritual. Mr. Northcote might remember what our Lord said about a "revival" of His own time, "Woe to you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites, that build the sepulchres of the prophets and adorn the monuments of the just, and say, If we had been in the time of our fathers we would not have been partakers with them in the blood of the prophets. Wherefore you are witness against yourselves, that you are the sons of those that killed the prophets." Let Mr. Northcote turn the matter as he will, the most cruel accusers of the

Establishment are the men like himself, who pretend that it has had a Catholic doctrine and orthodox formularies all these generations since the days of the Reformation, and yet that they themselves have been the first of its ministers to act honestly and fully in the maintenance of those doctrines which their predecessors have been content, by their practice, to deny. If he will read Mr. Hutton's late book, he will learn, among other things worth knowing, that the doctrines as to the Eucharist which are now maintained by the Ritualistic clergy, are, in truth, novelties in the Establishment, and he will see what Cardinal Newman himself says as to the state of opinion, even among his own intimate friends, at the time of the publication of Number Ninety.

Even the sermon on the Eucharist for which Dr. Pusey was condemned at Oxford, did not teach the doctrine of the Real Presence and of the Sacrifice in any unambiguous way. It was mainly, as we believe, on account of the writings of the late Archdeacon Robert Isaac Wilberforce, that the Catholic doctrine on these points came to strike its roots among the high Anglicans, and that doctrine has probably been the means of bringing more converts into the Catholic fold than any other. Mr. Northcote, if we understand him, maintains that it has always been the doctrine of the Establishment. All history is against him, and the testimony of history is abundantly confirmed by the very test on which he insists, by the manner in which the thousands and thousands of good and honest men who, in the last three hundred years, have ministered in the churches of the Establishment, have behaved, and taught others to behave, in respect of their Communion tables and the rites performed thereon. These men were no more forbidden to wear the Eucharistic vestments than the Ritualists hold themselves to be forbidden in the present day. Why did they not wear them? Why did they not talk about "saying Mass," and offering the Adorable Sacrifice, and the like? They did not do and say these things, just as they left off prayers for the dead, and the practice of clerical celibacy, and the honouring of Saints and the Blessed Mother of God, and other things that might be named—because the whole instinct and spirit of their religion was alien to them.

2.—THE LATROCINIUM OF EPHESUS AND THE COUNCIL OF CHALCEDON.

From the *Revue des Questions Historiques*, 1 Jan. 1880. Article by Augustin Largent, Priest of the Oratory.

A POSTHUMOUS work of M. Thierry¹ does grave injustice to the great memory of St. Cyril of Alexandria, making it appear that his successor in that patriarchal see, the turbulent Dioscorus, was merely carrying out in his own fashion the policy which had been bequeathed to him. The only apology for the Saint which Père Largent will consent to offer is to show that the accusation contains no new proof, and that therefore the accused, long ago triumphantly vindicated, needs no new vindication. He thinks that the best answer to such aspersions is to repeat once more from the most authentic sources the story of that great struggle which called forth two Œcumenical Councils in the space of twenty years. In this judgment we fully concur. If now no subterfuge of heresy can obscure the doctrine of the Incarnation, and only two courses are open to students—to accept or to reject, to conform themselves upon this point of doctrine to Catholic theology or to renounce the Christian revelation, it is to Leo and to Cyril that we owe the two-edged sword which slays alike Nestorius and Eutyches, the name-givers, not the founders, of the two great schools of error lapsing from Catholic truth in opposite directions. Both forms of error are still defended by the illiterate teachers of so-called Christian sects, but neither Nestorianism nor Eutychianism will ever again be able to disturb the peace of the Church from within or from without. Every Catholic child is taught in the catechetical explanation of the Apostles' Creed that Jesus Christ is true God and true man, having Two Natures (which Eutyches denied) and One Person (which Nestorius denied). Yet before that simple formula of our little catechism was established in peaceful possession, many angry words had been spoken, and some lives had been lost, in the ever-memorable controversy of the first half of the fifth century. The fierceness of the contest is less surprising when we remember that a national jealousy aided and embittered the *odium theologicum*. Cyril and Nestorius were opponents in both orders, of nature and of grace. While Cyril explained the teaching of the Church in one way, which

¹ *Récits de l'histoire romaine au V^e Siècle. Nestorius et Eutychès.* Par Amédée Thierry, de l'Institut. Paris: Didier, 1878.

was right, and Nestorius in another way, which was wrong, it was also true that Cyril represented Alexandria and Nestorius Constantinople. Each of the contending schools had its own persistent groove of thought, formed upon the lines of the national character of its professors and students. In Constantinople temptations against the faith fell ordinarily into the shape of rationalistic argument; in Alexandria they appeared in some extravagance of mystic invention, fascinating by its very vagueness. Nestorianism, derived from Theodore of Mopsuesta, was an effort of the "spirit which dissolveth Jesus"² to bring the doctrine of the Incarnation within the reach of human reason, by substituting for the ineffable mystery of the assumption of human nature by the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity, a mere indwelling of God in His creature. In this there would be no mystery. An intelligible explanation was dearer than truth to the Nestorian mind. Eutychianism proceeded inversely, endeavouring to enhance the difficulty by substituting for a revelation which reason could not fathom, a figment which reason could prove to be self-contradictory. The Eutychians refused to believe in God made Man, but were willing to believe in the monstrous absurdity of an intermediate being, neither God nor Man; for the Eutychian mind loved its own fancies better than truth.

The Church of Rome, *mater et magistra*, held the balance even. On the one hand, she encouraged her children to accept with unquestioning docility the mystery of the Hypostatic Union; on the other hand, she controlled the impatience of a too fervid imagination, prone to abandon revealed truth and take refuge in foolish dreams.

When St. Cyril of Alexandria refuted the errors of Nestorius, he had not at his service the now consecrated phraseology which we owe to that very controversy. An expression used by him lay open to an heretical interpretation, which his enemies were not slow to discover and proclaim. That his meaning was orthodox his own explanation has placed beyond all honest doubt, but that same error which he was accused of maintaining, Dioscorus, of most unhappy memory, his successor in the see of Alexandria, did actually maintain. The conduct of this wicked Patriarch makes it probable that he only used controversy as a convenient pretext, and that personal ambition, not zeal for the purity of the faith as he understood it, drove him

² 1 St. John iv. 3.

into the quarrel with the new Patriarch of Constantinople. Of the minor combatants it is not to be doubted that many were in a state of hopeless perplexity while the discussion seemed to them to oscillate between the two extremes, presenting only the alternative of belief in One Person and *therefore* One Nature, or belief in Two Natures and *therefore* Two Persons. As Dioscorus really defended the heresy which Cyril had been falsely accused of defending, so also the motives which really influenced Dioscorus were the motives which had been falsely ascribed to Cyril. Dioscorus was the genuine successor, not of Cyril, orthodox and zealous as St. Celestine and St. Leo knew him to be, but of Cyril, heretical and vindictive as the friends of Nestorius painted him. It was not true that Cyril out of personal animosity had raised a storm of persecution against Nestorius, but it was true that Dioscorus hated Flavian, and sought his ruin.

Here also M. Thierry is inaccurate and unjust. He finds St. Flavian guilty of weak concession. All the facts with which we are acquainted help to confute this charge. Conciliation is not always feebleness. St. Flavian saw the storm which threatened the Church; he would have wished if possible to avert the danger. He had a better opinion of Eutyches than Eusebius of Dorylæum had, and he was anxious to exhaust persuasion before employing force. His endeavour to coax the stupid old monk out of his obstinacy may show that he did not adequately know the character of the man with whom he was dealing, but ought not to be construed into a proof of inconstancy or deficient courage in one who had resisted the Emperor's unjust orders to his face and had sent an answer of bold defiance to the vile, all-powerful Chrysaphius.

The *Revue des Questions Historiques* follows M. Thierry's account, rectifying or confirming it, and inserting additional information from the Abbé P. Martin's history of the False Council of Ephesus, founded on the recently discovered Acts written in Syriac³.

The history of those twenty years cannot be too deeply

³ *Le Pseudo-Synode connu dans l'histoire sous le nom de brigandage d'Ephèse, étudié d'après les Actes retrouvés en Syriacque.* Par M. l'Abbé Martin. Paris: Maisonneuve, 1875. The first part of the work is devoted to the proof of the authenticity of these Acts, which cannot be peremptorily determined. The Acts, which are not complete, for the First Session is barely mentioned, have been preserved in a MS. of the year 835, found in a convent near Apamea, and now in the collection of the British Museum, being the No. 14,530.

studied in England now. Never was the indefectibility of the Church subjected to severer proof, never was the supremacy of Rome more clearly shown. With Attila prowling round the fold, and Dioscorus raging inside it, any other shepherd than a successor of Peter might have listened to the dictates of despair. Scarcely had the Patriarch of Alexandria, by order of Pope St. Celestine, deposed the Patriarch of Constantinople for heresy, than Alexandria itself passed into the hands of a heretic. Scarcely had the Patriarch of Antioch made his tardy recantation of heresy, than a powerful coalition was formed to place Eutyches in the see from which Nestorius had been thrust forth. More to be feared by far than kings at the head of armies, were heresiarchs sitting in Apostolic sees.

II.—REVIEWS.

1. *The Imitation of Christ*, being the Autograph Manuscript of Thomas à Kempis *De Imitatione Christi*, reproduced in fac-simile from the original preserved in the Royal Library at Brussels. With an Introduction by Charles Ruelens, Keeper of the Department of Manuscripts, Royal Library, Brussels. London: Elliot Stock, 1879.

ALTHOUGH this beautiful little volume, a triumph at once of the skill of the photographer and of the patience of the publisher and others who have been concerned in its production, will be valued by the general public chiefly as a curiosity, it may be said, as will be seen before the end of this short notice, that it will incidentally enable the student to verify for himself some very interesting discoveries as to the rhythmical character which the author of the *Imitation* meant to give to his work, a character which has hitherto not been found in any works of the kind and of the time, except those which are undoubtedly the production of Thomas à Kempis. In this respect, the volume contributes another item of testimony to the already overwhelming proof as to the authorship of the *Imitation*. When we say, overwhelming proof, we do not use the words unadvisedly, or without a knowledge of the controversies, which have been carried down even to the last few years, as to that authorship, and, at the same time, we leave to others that full liberty of the expression of a strong opinion which we claim for ourselves. Happily, it is far more important that people should use the book as it ought to be used, than that there should be no dispute about its authorship.

But the controversy on this particular point appears to be one in which the weight of valid argument can hardly be said to be really divided between the two sides.

The precious volume which is here presented in fac-simile to the reader is now in the Royal Library at Brussels. We presume that this Library is the same as the Burgundian Library, as it was called as long as the Low Countries belonged to the Austrian Crown. It got into the Burgundian Library at the time of the suppression of the Society of Jesus more than a century ago. Before that it was the property of the House of the Society at Antwerp. It was given to that House at the close of the sixteenth century by John Bellère, "a learned man, and one of the chief printers of the city of Antwerp." An inscription in the book itself informs us that Bellère gave it to the Society out of gratitude, as he had two sons in the Order. It had been given to Bellece by a certain Brother John "Latomus," the Minister General of the Canons Regular, who had taken it from the Monastery of Mount St. Agnes, near Zwoille, which was the religious home of Thomas à Kempis himself, and in which he seems to have composed the works which are known by his name. He was a transcriber as well as an author, and it is this fact alone which makes it possible to doubt his authorship of the *Imitation*, unless he be supposed to have deliberately made a claim which he knew to be false. But we are only speaking now of the history of this volume, which is all in his handwriting. It seems that the Monastery of St. Agnes had fared badly in the wars between the people of the Netherlands and their Spanish masters, and was ruined and almost destroyed when Latomus took away from what remained of the library this precious volume. This is enough to explain its undoubted pedigree. We have already said that Thomas à Kempis was a transcriber as well as an author, and that this fact furnishes some critics, who are disposed to deny his claim to the authorship of the *Imitation*, with the only way open to them for evading the force of the testimony of this manuscript, which is undoubtedly in his handwriting, and which states this fact at its last page. It is certainly within the range of possibility that he might have transcribed the book of the *Imitation*, though it was not his own composition. But it is remarkable, as has been noted by Mgr. Malou, that, in the volume of which we are speaking, these four books of the *Imitation* are followed by others which are undoubtedly the

works of Thomas, and that it contains no others. Yet the words which speak of transcription by his hand are applied to these undoubted treatises as well as the four books of the *Imitation*.

The main argument, in our humble opinion, for fixing the authorship on Thomas à Kempis beyond a shadow of doubt, is the argument from internal evidence, supported, as it is, by a great mass of external testimony. There are certain unmistakable indications that the writer of the *Imitation* thought, and even conceived his sentences, in Flemish, and no other language can be adduced, the idioms and peculiarities of which solve the apparent difficulties of some phrases and passages in the books, which are at once explained when they are put into Flemish. This excludes the French or Italian origin of the work, and when that is once done, there remain no claimants for the honour of its authorship except the humble and holy "Brother" with whose name it has so long been connected. The little fac-simile before us, enables the reader to test for himself, if he have the patience and the clearness of sight required for examination, the force of another head of proof, which is of very late discovery. This proof is the discovery of Dr. Carl Hirsche, of Hamburg, a very devoted student of the manuscripts of Thomas à Kempis. There is considerable evidence, that, in this country as well as elsewhere, the treatise of the *Imitation* was called by a name which does not at once seem altogether applicable to it, *De Musica Ecclesiastica*. The name seems to refer to the measured cadence and rhythmical, sometimes even rhyming, arrangement of the lines and words. The writers of the school in Flanders to which Thomas belonged, were, it appears, in the habit of writing in measured prose. This is observable in the other works of Thomas à Kempis, and may perhaps have struck the readers of the *Imitation* itself. The new discovery consists in this—that the manuscript before us, which is undoubtedly the writing of Thomas himself, follows certain rules of punctuation and notation, which are obviously meant to assist the reader in the discernment of the metrical arrangement. Dr. Hirsche has published an edition of the *Imitation* in which the metrical arrangement is set forth. The authorship of the work will, doubtless, still be made matter for controversy, whether fairly or not, but we have never seen any good reason for departing from the received opinion as to the matter, and, while leaving others to the full use of their liberty, we rejoice in thinking, that

a name so famous in the Church as that of Thomas à Kempis has not been credited with its chief honour without fully deserving it.

2. *Sanctorale Catholicum*, or Book of Saints. With notes, critical, exegetical, and historical. By the Rev. Robert Owen, B.D. London: Kegan Paul and Co., 1880.

The author of this volume will probably not think us hard or unkind if we say that it displays a very considerable amount of eccentricity. Surely, eccentricity is not a quality with which it can be unkind to credit the writer of a book which professes to be a sort of martyrology, nineteen-twentieths of which consist of a roll-call of Catholic saints, both of the Old Testament and the New, of the East and of the West, while side by side with these names we find the names of those who have lived and died outside the communion of saints, the Catholic Church, and have not only been separated from her unity, and in some cases rebels against her authority, but who have also to bear the stain of heresy as well as that of schism. Lancelot Andrewes, Isaac Barrow, George Berkeley, William Bedell, George Bull, Joseph Butler, Charles Stuart, John Cosin, Nicholas Ferrar, George Herbert, George Hickeys, Richard Hooker, John Keble, Thomas Ken, John Kettlewell, William Laud, Robert Nelson, Isaac Newton, Jeremy Taylor, Herbert Thorndike, James Ussher, John Wesley, Thomas Wilson,—many of these may have been good men in their generation, men who, if they had been Catholics, might perhaps have become saints, but there is hardly one of them who has not left behind him some distinct contradiction of the Catholic doctrine. After this list of Anglican worthies, inserted in the roll of saints by the unimpeachable authority of Mr. Owen, our readers will not be surprised to learn that he has canonized several heroic Catholics, for whom many devout prayers have been made that they may obtain the honour of being enrolled among the saints of the Church, but who have not received that honour—Christopher Columbus, Joan of Arc, and the like. And certainly no one will be likely to question that Shakspeare, and Wordsworth, and even King Arthur, deserve the place which Mr. Owen has bestowed upon them, quite as much as some of those Anglican divines on whom his favours have been more largely lavished.

To what particular party among Anglicans Mr. Owen belongs, or whether he belongs to any party at all, we cannot

say. His idiosyncrasy is evidently "strongly accentuated." He is capricious to an extreme degree in his selection and in his omissions alike. Thus, of later Catholic saints who have been canonized by what we are doubtless mistaken in considering the high authority of the Holy See, he finds room for St. Francis de Sales, St. Francis Xavier, St. Vincent de Paul, St. Teresa, St. Mary Magdalene dei Pazzi, and St. Aloysius, but St. Alfonsus, St. Ignatius, and St. Stanislaus are excluded. We fear it must be concluded that the honours of the martyrology are distributed according to some very indefinite rule, which after all will be found to be simply the liking or dislike of Mr. Owen.

Having said thus much by way of necessary criticism, we may add two remarks of a less adverse character. The first is, that in doing as he has done, and framing a martyrology or "Sanctorale" of his own, without regard to any authority, living or dead, but his own, Mr. Owen has acted on exactly the principle which has been followed by Dr. Pusey and others in their "adaptation" of Catholic books of religion and devotion. To take books so famous and so well-known as the *Imitation of Christ* and the *Spiritual Combat*, to garble the first and mutilate the second, and then publish them under the names of the authors, appears to us a more unprincipled thing than to do what Mr. Owen has done. If his book has its grotesque and ridiculous side—not to speak of a certain colour of irreverence—it is only a *reductio ad absurdum* of the practice of many Anglicans whose names are held in high honour by their co-religionists. Our other remark is this—that even eccentricity has often its usefulness. Mr. Owen has probably published a book which no one else in this world but himself would have been at the pains of composing. It will make Catholics smile, but it will be of use even to them, for it brings together in a convenient form a great part at least of the Roman Martyrology, and a very copious selection of anniversaries of the saints of the Old Testament, before the Flood as well as after, to whom Mr. Owen seems to have a particular devotion. To Protestants and Anglicans it may also be useful as introducing them at least to the names of many of the great army of Catholic saints, with whom their creed tells them that they ought to be one, while their instinct tells them, on the other hand, only too truly, that they have as a matter of fact nothing to do with the saints in Heaven, because they have nothing to do with the Church of God on earth.

3. *The Arctic Voyages of Adolf Eric Nordenskiöld, 1858—1879.* London :
Macmillan and Co., 1879.

Some little time must elapse before Professor Nordenskiöld will be able to publish his own description of the successful accomplishment of the North-East Passage. In the meanwhile a friend, Mr. Leslie, having already prepared a popular account of the previous voyages, adds with permission a short sketch of the last and most important.

It appears that Professor Nordenskiöld was from childhood an enthusiastic naturalist, following the example of his father, and that his preliminary voyages were undertaken in view of collecting plants and animals, and examining the structure of rocks, rather than of directly adding to geographical knowledge. But while the *fauna* and *flora* never lost their charm, new lands and seas soon came to possess a fascination of their own. The earlier portion of Mr. Leslie's narrative, although it is full of interest, has necessarily much in common with other stories of arctic travelling ; but the chapters which treat of Siberia and its great rivers contain quite startling revelations.

Nordenskiöld's first voyages were made under the leadership of Otto Torell, now chief of the Geological Survey of Sweden. In 1857 Torell visited Iceland, and in 1858, taking Nordenskiöld with him, he sailed to Spitzbergen with no very definite object, but prepared to take advantage of all opportunities for surveying the country, collecting specimens, and forming plans for the future. They examined the western coast only, and in less than three months they had returned to Hammerfest, having been prevented by stormy weather from reaching the Thousand Islands. Torell in the following year visited Greenland, and came back with a keen desire of arctic exploration. In 1860 he went to Copenhagen and London, in the course of his active preparations, and he submitted his plans to Sir Leopold M'Clintock, Captain Sherard Osborne, and Sir Roderick Murchison. Carl Petersen, the Dane, who had come to be regarded as almost an indispensable assistant in every polar expedition, consented to join the new party of explorers. Torell, with Nordenskiöld, started in May, 1861, but were caught in the ice, and detained so long on the north-western coast of Spitzbergen, that they could not reach in time the place from which it had been intended to push forward with sledges towards the pole. They were obliged to be satisfied

with a careful survey of the northern and western coast. One of the objects of the expedition had been to ascertain the possibility of measuring an arc of meridian on Spitzbergen, and to complete this preliminary survey a new expedition, on a very insufficient scale, was sent out in 1864 under Nordenskiöld. After many hardships and narrow escapes, the little schooner-rigged gunboat of twenty-four tons, provisioned for only five months, was brought back in haste at the end of two months, heavily laden with shipwrecked men picked up at sea.

Nordenskiöld now formed a more ambitious design. By this time he was well acquainted with Spitzbergen, and had been gradually arriving at the conviction that the North Pole must be reached from Spitzbergen or not at all. His first project was to choose a good harbour of observation on that island, and hold himself there in readiness to sail north when the first favourable moment in the late autumn should give promise of open water, but he would not make "any childish attempt to force the drift ice." In this way he succeeded in reaching, in 1868, the highest latitude till then attained, $81^{\circ} 42'$.¹

This gallant attempt raised some enthusiasm in Sweden, and it was resolved that further efforts should be made on a much larger scale. It was considered that all had been done which was practicable by water-way, and that for any future attempt preparations must be made to supplement sailing by sledging.

The question of the comparative merits of Eskimo dogs and reindeer at once presented itself for settlement. Nordenskiöld made a voyage to Greenland for the express purpose of studying the capabilities of the dogs. The verdict was pronounced in favour of the reindeer; but if any doubt could have remained in theory, in point of fact no alternative lay open to his choice at that particular time, for an epidemic disease had appeared among the dogs, extending its ravages over so wide an extent of country that it would have been impossible to collect the number wanted for the Swedish expedition without exposing the whole pack to almost certain infection. Although the chief object of the visit to Greenland was to obtain information about the Eskimo dogs, that land of mystery was too tempting on its own account to be lightly abandoned. For a thousand years the inland-ice had defied invasion until in the native mind superstition had added its terrors to the obstacles, very real

¹ Scoresby in 1806 had reached $81^{\circ} 30'$, which till 1868 remained unsurpassed.

indeed, which beset the path of the adventurous traveller. An example may be borrowed from an experience of "inland ice" in Spitzbergen.

Already, before we had got up our sledges a hundred feet or so, we met with a wide but not particularly deep crevasse, open in many places, that is to say, not covered with snow, which, however, was easily passed upon a snow bridge, formed during some snow-storm, sufficiently strong to carry us and our sledges; but as it was impossible to distinguish any more crevasses with the eye, I supposed that the North-East Land inland ice which, as I have mentioned, is quite level in the direction in which we were going, would be continuous and safe, at least till we reached the other side. But scarcely had we advanced two thousand feet farther before one of our men disappeared, at a place where the ice was quite level, and so instantaneously that he could not give even a cry for help. When we, affrighted, looked into the hole made where he disappeared, we found him hanging on the drag-line, to which he was fastened with reindeer harness, over a deep abyss, previously completely concealed by a thin snow vault (pp. 250, 251).

Professor Nordenskiöld wished to judge for himself about land travelling in Greenland, and certainly the venture was worth making if it be true that "there are many reasons for believing that the inland-ice merely forms a continuous ice-frame, running parallel with the coast, and surrounding a land free from ice, perhaps even wooded in its southern parts." In the short time which could be spared, failure was almost inevitable; but the travellers saw nature in many wonderful aspects not exhibited elsewhere.

At a short distance from our turning point we came to a large, deep, and broad river, flowing rapidly between its blue banks of ice, which here were not discoloured by any gravel, and which could not be crossed without a bridge. As it cut off our return, we were at first somewhat disconcerted; but we soon concluded that—as in our journey eastwards we had not passed any stream of such large dimensions—it must at no great distance disappear under the ice. We therefore proceeded along its bank in the direction of the current, and before long a distant roar indicated that our conjecture was right. The whole immense mass of water here rushed down a perpendicular cleft into the depths below (pp. 167, 168).

In another place we read:

On bending down the ear to the ice, we could hear on every side a peculiar subterranean hum, proceeding from streams flowing within the ice; and occasionally a loud single report, like that of a cannon, gave notice of the formation of a new glacier cleft (pp. 165, 166).

The Swedish Polar Expedition of 1872—3 was from the first unfortunate. The ships were shut in once for all by an unusually early packing of ice, and all the forty rein-deer, one excepted, disappeared. That one made itself, living and dead, so useful that future exploring parties will do well to take a large number of these patient and laborious animals with them, and to keep them in safer custody than Nordenskiöld did on this occasion. The year 1872 was exceptionally unfavourable for arctic travelling. The early imprisonment of other vessels besides those of the expedition, had thrown many unsuccessful walrus hunters on the charity of the Swedes, and the appeal was met in the noblest spirit of Christian self-sacrifice. At the beginning of a long arctic winter Nordenskiöld's whole party agreed to reduce themselves to little more than half-rations in order to share their stores with improvident strangers. They had the merit of making the generous offer, but the sacrifice was not exacted. The Norwegian walrus hunters were less heavily hemmed in by the ice than the ships of the expedition, and managed to break out from their ice-inclosure in the middle of the winter. Even as it was, Nordenskiöld's supply of provisions barely lasted till unexpected help arrived. Mr. Leigh Smith, who had paid them a visit a fortnight before they were forced into winter quarters, and had promised to be among the first to look for them next summer, nobly redeemed his word, and saved some lives, according to the medical report, by his munificent present of excellent food at a time when it was sorely needed.

Two years later the restless professor was again at sea, bound on a more fruitful quest. Mr. Oscar Dickson of Gothenburg, "the munificent patron of arctic exploration and research," to whom Mr. Leslie dedicates his book, fitted out, entirely at his own expense, the expedition of 1875 to the River Yenisei, and shared with a wealthy Siberian, M. Alexander Sibiriakoff, the expense of the joint sea and land expeditions of 1876.

Leaving Carlsoe on the 14th of June, 1875, in seven days Nordenskiöld reached the more southerly of the two islands which together constitute Novaya Zemlya. After vainly trying to find a free passage by the long narrow sound which separates these two islands, he turned south again, and passing without hindrance through the strait which divides Waigatz Island from the mainland, found himself in open water in the redoubted Kara Sea, until quite recent voyages deemed inaccessible, and styled by Von Baer "an ice-cellar." This was a joyful surprise,

for it was only reasonable to suppose that the north-eastern gales, which had been prevalent, would have packed the ice against the southern shore. They reached without impediment of any kind the mouth of the Yenissei on the 15th of August.

Here they left the little sloop which had carried them so far, and while it returned through many storms to Tromsøe, Nordenskiöld, Lundström (botanist), and Stuxberg (zoologist), and three walrus hunters, committed themselves to a boat made expressly in Norway for the ascent of the river. At Krestovskoj, in Yenissei Bay, they found an abandoned fishing settlement, which showed signs of recent prosperity. Three houses with flat turf-covered roofs still remained, each by itself forming a veritable labyrinth of rooms—living-rooms, bake-rooms, bath-rooms, store-room for blubber, with long troughs for blubber hollowed out of immense tree-stems, cisterns for blubber, with remains of white fish, &c., all in one. In the immediate neighbourhood the extraordinary luxuriance of the vegetation made walking difficult, but this fertility may have been caused by the quantity of decaying animal matter which would have accumulated round a fishing station.

At Sopotsnaja Korja (toe of boot) (Lat. 72°), the steep slopes, though much exposed, were covered with grass and shrubs about two feet high. Twenty-five miles further to the south-east, in the protected river-valley of Mezenkin, a great increase of fertility was visible. Dark green thickets of elder bushes about four feet high formed the chief feature, and under the protection of these latter shrubs plants with familiar names, *Galium*, *Delphinium*, &c., were growing in peace. The vegetation still improved as the boat moved up the river.

We were yet far to the north of the Arctic Circle, and as many perhaps imagine that the little known region we were now travelling through, the Siberian *tundra*, is a desert wilderness covered either by ice and snow, or by an exceedingly scanty moss vegetation, it perhaps may not be unsuitable to state that this is by no means the case. On the contrary, we saw snow, as has been mentioned before, during our journey up the Yenissei only at one place, in a deep valley cleft some fathoms in breadth, and the vegetation especially on the islands which are overflowed during the spring floods, is distinguished by a luxuriance to which I have seldom seen anything comparable.

Already had the fertility of the soil and the immeasurable extent and richness in grass of the pastures drawn forth from one of our walrus-hunters, a middle-aged man, who is owner of a little patch of ground among the fells in northern Norway, a cry of envy at the splendid land

our Lord had given "the Russian," and of astonishment that no creature pastured, no scythe mowed, the grass. Daily and hourly we heard the same cry repeated, and in even louder tones, when some weeks after we came to the grand old forests between Yenisseisk and Turuchansk, or to the nearly uninhabited plains on the other side of Krasnojarsk covered with deep tcherno-sem (black earth); equal without doubt in fertility to the best parts of Scania, and in extent surpassing the whole Scandinavian peninsula (pp. 298, 299).

To be sure, this is a summer landscape, bright with the sunshine, and winter in that land of the exiles is long and dreary; but the fertility and the mineral wealth of immense tracts of thinly-peopled territory are established facts, of which the Russian Government is fully cognisant, and in which, if it had the gift of wisdom, it might lay the foundation of a more glorious future than can be found in schemes of armed and torturous diplomacy. It has been shown to be well within the power of their engineers to connect by navigable canals the three great rivers, Obi, Yenissei, and Lena, and to open a passage from the Angara, a tributary of the Yenissei, to Lake Baikal. The area drained by this great river-system is larger than all Europe, and contains in its least productive latitudes vast pine forests, unequalled in the world, "stretching, with few interruptions, across the whole of Siberia, in one direction from Ural to the Sea of Ochotsk, in the other south of the 58th or 59th degree of latitude and north of the Arctic Circle." It is ascertained that there are rich coal-seams in the vicinity of the Yenissei, and it is considered probable that they underlie a large portion of the Siberian plain. For this ascent of the Yenissei in 1875 Nordenskiöld received the thanks of the Russian Government.

It was still possible to object that this eminently successful exploration had been achieved under exceptional circumstances. From the fact that one little vessel had gained the mouth of the Yenissei it was not lawful to draw the general conclusion that the river lay open to commerce. Two expeditions were therefore fitted out in the following year to pursue the investigation: one under Nordenskiöld, to sail through the Kara Sea to the Yenissei, the other under Dr. Hjalmar Théel, to proceed overland, then descend the river to the appointed place of meeting near the mouth, whence all were to return by sea. Nordenskiöld was able to pass at once through the Matotschkin Sound, which had been closed with ice the year before, and after a

week's delay in the Kara Sea was able to sail without further obstruction round White Island to the mouth of the Yenissei. Théel's land party were less fortunate. They could not obtain boats and rowers to take them farther north on the Yenissei than the Briochovski Islands, and they returned, as they came, overland.

After another interval of two years Nordenskiöld started on his great North-East Passage exploration. Many attempts had been made by English, Dutch, and Russian enterprize, beginning from Sir Hugh Willoughby's expedition in 1553, fitted out by the Company of Merchant Adventurers, afterwards known as the Muscovy Company, but for more than three hundred years Novaya Zemlya and the Kara Sea had either completely stopped all eastward progress, or had delayed the explorers until they were forced to make the best of their way home to escape starvation. Nordenskiöld had placed the problem in a new light, by breaking through that barrier so long believed to be practically impenetrable. The expedition of 1878, though it was still mainly supported by the generous zeal of Mr. Oscar Dickson, had no longer the character of a private enterprize. The King of Sweden contributed £2,200, and the Diet voted grants for the equipment of the *Vega*. Officers and men of the Swedish navy were encouraged to volunteer for the service. Three vessels accompanied the *Vega* to the Yenissei, and one of them persevered as far as the mouth of the Lena. The *Vega* sailed from Tromsøe on the 21st of July, and reached the northernmost point of the Old World, Cape Chelyuskin, on the 19th of August. All went well with Nordenskiöld till the 27th of September, when by a disappointment which must have tried to the full all the spirit of resignation with which Arctic voyagers should be well endowed, within a short distance of the Pacific, and within "a single hour's steaming" of water which at that date afforded a free passage, the ship was caught in the ice finally for the winter, though the hope of being disentangled did not die out for two months longer. Their incarceration lasted two hundred and sixty-four days.

On the 18th of July, 1879, the *Vega* was released, and on the 20th she passed East Cape, Behring Straits, having effected the North-East Passage.

4. *The Charity of Jesus Christ.* By Father Arias. London : Burns and Oates.

"Born in 1535, at Seville, where also he died in 1605, having entered the Society of Jesus in his twenty-eighth year, Father Francis Arias, the author of the treatise translated in the following pages, may be said to have belonged to the first generation of the religious body founded by St. Ignatius. His life does not seem to have had many vicissitudes, but we know that he was Rector of the College of the Society at Cadiz, and that he was esteemed, while living, as a saint. He was the author of a number of works, the reputation of which was very great and widespread in his own time. The great work from which the following pages have been translated, and which is strongly recommended by St. Francis de Sales in his *Introduction to a Devout Life*, is a monument of the high aims and indefatigable industry of the theological and ascetical writers of his time. It is usually to be met with in the shape of a large folio, containing under the same cover the three separate volumes into which the whole work is divided. The title of the book in the original Spanish seems to have been simply, *Of the Imitation of Jesus Christ*. It is well known that, in the time of St. Ignatius, the book which we now know by the name of the *Imitation of Christ*, the immortal work of Thomas à Kempis, was commonly called by the title of the *Liber de Contemptu Mundi*. The work of Father Arias is called, in the translations in which it is now commonly known, by the second title of the original, *Thesaurus Inexhaustus Bonorum quæ in Christo habemus*. The three volumes are divided as follows. In the first we have a number of treatises on the titles of our Lord. He is set before us as our God, our Redeemer, our King, our Saviour, our Mediator, our Advocate, our Leader, our Priest and Sacrifice, our Teacher, Legislator, Master, and Pastor, our Light, our Life, and our Judge. The second volume puts before us, first a treatise on virtues in general, and then a series of treatises on the Christian virtues, Faith, Hope, Charity, Benignity, Mercy, Religion, Humility, Patience. The third volume contains the virtues of Prudence, Justice, Obedience, Fortitude, Temperance, Chastity, Poverty, and Simplicity. It concludes with a treatise on the Heinousness of Mortal Sin.

"The characteristic of the writings of this famous author seems to be his combination of theological depth and accuracy with the tenderest piety. We are told that he was for some

time a professor of theology, and every page of these treatises bears witness to the benefit which he must have derived, as an author and as a preacher, from the training of the theological chair. At the same time it must be noted that the original title of this work, *The Imitation of Christ*, is in one sense more fully deserved by it than by the work of Thomas à Kempis itself. That is, Father Francis Arias never loses sight of our Lord and His example and teaching, and shows a familiarity with the details of the Gospel history which is remarkable even among the best ascetical writers of the Church. His work is a perfect treatise on the life of our Lord considered as our example, and, in respect of this intimate knowledge of the Gospels, he rises far above any modern writer who can be named as having written on the Christian virtues. Many of his illustrations of the example of our Lord will be found to throw a new and beautiful light on the Gospel narratives.

"The present specimen of this great work has been now published, not only with the desire of increasing the number of standard spiritual books in the English language, but also with a hope that its reception may be such as to encourage those who have had charge of the translation, to proceed further in the work of making known to English readers the immense treasures of spirituality which at present lie hidden and almost unknown, except to scholars, in the glorious folios and quartos of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. It can hardly be thought any disparagement to the writers of an age like our own, however brilliant their abilities and however sincere their devotion, to say that they must of necessity, in most cases, lack the solid theological learning, the deep thought and concentration, and even the vigorous industry, of the men of the age of St. Ignatius and St. Teresa. However this may be, it may not, perhaps, prove a fallacious hope, that Catholics of the times in which we live may be glad to become better acquainted with these great writers, who were in old times the supports and guides of Christian faith and devotion, in that intelligent study of the great truths of our religion, which seems to have been so much more common in former generations than in the nineteenth century" (Preface).

5. *Medulla Theologiæ Dogmaticæ.* Auctore H. Hurter, S.J. Ceniponte, 1879. 8vo, 759 pp.

Not long ago we gave our readers notice of the first two volumes of Hurter's *Theologiæ Dogmaticæ Compendium*. Meanwhile the third and last volume has come out. The work hardly needs any recommendation from us, as it is sufficiently recommended by the fact, that no sooner was it completed, than a second edition of the whole work was called for, and that a third edition is being prepared, which will be enlarged in many parts.

The *Medulla* is an epitome of the *Compendium*. It contains the same ten treatises, and the headings of the chapters are nearly the same. But the quotations from the Fathers and theologians, in which the *Compendium* abounds, are reduced in number, and several explanations of less importance are omitted or changed into short footnotes. The selection of the matter treated is excellent; no portion of the dogmatical truths, as generally taught in our Seminaries, is omitted in the volume—except perhaps a treatise, *De virtutibus*; but as the *Theologia Specialis* contains a special treatise, *De Genesi et Regula Fidei*,¹ and other more necessary portions of doctrine relating to the virtues, are added in other treatises,² even this part of dogmatic theology can by no means be said to have been neglected. The volume possesses in a high degree the qualities requisite in a handbook of dogmatic theology, completeness and correctness of doctrine, solidity of argumentation, moderation in propounding different opinions in matters open to controversy, perspicuity of language, and simplicity of style. Besides this, the subjects are selected and arranged carefully, so as to be of the greatest possible usefulness for the preparation of sermons. Any one well acquainted with the volume will find in it abundant matter, capable of being easily arranged for sermons or courses of sermons, as, for instance, on the Primacy of the Holy See,³ on the Prerogatives of our Lady,⁴ on Sanctifying Grace,⁵ or the Presence of our Lord in the Holy Eucharist,⁶ and, for this reason, the *Medulla* will not be laid aside by the student at the end of his term of studies, but will be a useful companion to him ever after.

There is at the end of the volume a complete and accurate alphabetical index and a scheme for combining with the study

¹ Pp. 212, seq.

² Cf. pp. 519, seq.; pp. 536, seq.; p. 640.

³ P. 154.

⁴ P. 433.

⁵ P. 527.

⁶ P. 590.

of the various treatises the reading of the principal writings of the Holy Fathers, as edited by the author in the *Opuscula S.S. Patrum Selecta*, of which collection there have been published up to the present forty little volumes. Perhaps there is no means equal to this of introducing students to the works of the Holy Fathers, and showing the identity of Catholic doctrine as now taught with the doctrine of the first ages of the Church.

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6. *The Primacy of St. Peter demonstrated from the Liturgy of the Greco-Russian Church.* By the Rev. C. Tondini de Quarcughi, Barnabite. London and Derby: Richardson and Son.

Father Tondini's pamphlet is a very opportune publication at a time when the claims of the Holy See are so much under discussion. It forms an admirable complement to Mr. Allnalt's *Cathedra Petri*. The two taken together leave little to be desired in a manual of historical testimonies to the Supremacy of the Holy See.

Father Tondini's pamphlet is not a treatise on the Papacy, as he tells us in his Preface, but deals only with a special question forming the basis of the Papacy, the primacy, that is, of St. Peter; and even in dealing with this question Father Tondini confines himself to the argument in its favour afforded by the Greco-Russian Church. Such an argument carries with it special weight, for the passages quoted throughout the work in proof of St. Peter's primacy are not merely those of an individual writer, but they express the sense of the whole Greco-Russian Church, which has adopted them in her liturgical books. The value of the testimonies thus furnished may be estimated from the insight they give into the sense and interpretation put upon certain well-known passages of Scripture by the Greco-Russian communion. For instance, Peter is called the Rock, the Rock of the Church, the Rock of the Faith, the Foundation of the Apostles, the Supreme of the Apostles, Sovereign Shepherd of the Apostles, and various other titles that can carry but one meaning with them; that which asserts the supremacy of Peter and his Successors.

Father Tondini is well known in connection with the Association of Prayers for the return of the separated portions of Christendom to Catholic unity. We trust his excellent little treatise will help in calling attention to and stimulating the zeal of Catholics in this great work.

III.—NOTICES.

1. *An historical and critical Account of the so-called Prophecy of St. Malachy regarding the succession of Popes.* By M. J. O'Brien, Catholic Priest (Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son, 1880).—We have here in a few pages an excellent synopsis of arguments which certainly go far to cast discredit on a very celebrated prophecy. Some of the later titles, *Peregrinus Apostolicus* (Pius VI.), *Aquila Rapax* (Pius VII.), *De Balneis Etruria* (Gregory XVI.), to say nothing of *Crux de cruce* (=calamity from Savoy), are, if nothing more, such happy hits that they win a favourable consideration for the catalogue which contains them. The more the student examines, perhaps the less will he believe. So it fell out with the writer of the little dissertation, to which we direct attention. He is strongly of opinion that the Prophet (not yet identified) was acquainted with history up to the year 1590, and at that date, exchanging facts for guesses, passed from practical descriptions, often very trivial, and chiefly heraldic, to vague expressions of an allegorical nature. He contends that in order to find a meaning for many of the titles it is necessary to explain the same words, *v.g.*, *Columna*, *fides*, in one place technically, as alluding to certain families, Colonna, Caraffa, and in another place in the ordinary sense of the word, as pointing to some marked feature of the Pope's reign or character; and that, when this happens, the technical sense belongs to a title occurring before, and the ordinary moral sense to a title occurring after, the year 1590. We cannot give a fair idea of the line of argument without extending our remarks to greater length than is desirable, but the believers in the prophecy of St. Malachy will not find the objections easy to answer. If it be a forgery it is of course a laudable work to try to upset it.

2. *Wanderings in the Western Lands.* By A. Pendarves Vivian, M.P., F.G.S. (London: Sampson, Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington).—This handsome volume, though essentially a book for sportsmen, is made interesting to the general reader by the descriptive power which it shows, by the keenness of its writer in hunting down his game, and by the variety of the sport in which he indulged with such energy. The woodcuts with which this book is still further enlivened are beautifully executed, and it is also furnished with an excellent map and geographical chart. Mr. Vivian gives some useful statistics illustrating the transitive state of California and its surrounding district, in addition to a chapter on mining operations; but his main object has been to give a plain, unvarnished narration of a hunter's daily life and experiences in North America amongst the scenery and chance companionship of the Rocky Mountains, and he places these before us with great distinctness, and with a modest simplicity not often met with in such narratives.

3. *Lays and Legends of Thomond.* By Michael Hogan, "Bard of Thomond." New, select, and complete edition (Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son, 1880).—In this collection of short poems of very unequal merit there are many beautiful lines, and also many which seem to have been dashed off in haste and never reconsidered. Even the failings lean to virtue's side, if it be a virtue in an Irish bard to be intensely Irish in profusion of imagery and ready command of words.

4. *Les Prophètes du Passé:* J. de Maistre, De Bonald, Chateaubriand, Lammenais, Blanc de Saint Bonnet. Par J. Barbey D' Aurevilly (Paris: Victor Palmé; Bruxelles: J. Albanel, 1880).—The title of these collected philosophical-historical essays, of which all, except the last, were published in 1851 and are now republished, without any change, was originally used as a term of reproach, being meant to imply that M. Bonald might have been really a prophet, if only men to please him would have consented to regulate their conduct and arrange the course of events according to the light of other days and the example of the past. The author, however, adopts the phrase as embodying an unintended truth, for in his opinion, and in that of all Catholics, the great laws which govern human action are in every age the same. He calls himself monarchical rather than royalist, agreeing with the last of his prophets, M. de Saint-Bonnet, that there is a right kind of Restoration and a wrong kind. France they think will never prosper or be at peace, except under a monarchy, but that peace-giving monarchy must be one freely demanded by France, not imposed upon her by the force of circumstances (p. 213). The men whose views concerning the future of their country are here examined in the context of their political philosophies, had, all of them, the gift of deep thinking, and the comparison of the anticipations which they drew from the scrutiny of the troubled history of their own days, now that thirty eventful years have helped to read the riddle, remains what it was—a happy theme for clever writing, and has only gained increase of practical value and suggestiveness.

5. *Solid Virtue:* or a Treatise on the obstacles of solid virtue, the means of acquiring and the motives for practising it. By Rev. Father Bellocius, S.J. Translated from the French by a member of the Ursuline Community, Thurles. With a Preface by His Grace the Most Rev. T. W. Croke, Archbishop of Cashel and Emly.—A practical treatise on solid virtue may be welcomed as a profitable contribution to our ascetic library in these days of emotional piety. Too many persons seek an escape from the inexorable law of self-conquest in multiplied acts of external devotion. They give much time to prayer, and rise from their knees to quarrel with their best friends; they kiss their crucifix with every sign of tender compassion, and the next thing which they do is a manifestation of an unforgiving spirit: they listen in tears to a sermon on *Maria Desolata*, and within three days they are guilty of some extravagant foolishness which puts their very faith in jeopardy. To men who find it quite too much trouble to hear Mass

on week days, and to women who after innumerable Communions are as censorious, as implacable, as spiteful, in minor matters, as the most unregenerate of their sex, what Father Bellocius says about venial sin may be safely recommended. Good souls, who are really making great efforts, even with but indifferent success, to overcome their predominant passion must beware how they apply to themselves some of his remarks which (as we might have predicted without any reference to the original) have lost nothing of their severity by passing through a French translation. To take one instance. We read p. 442: "It is therefore quite consistent with the principles of reason, and is even proved by facts, that for many there is no medium; if they are not great saints never shall they behold the face of God." The title of the next section runs thus: "It is probable that we are of this number." Father Bellocius does not speak of *many* but of *some*, using the word *aliquos* with an evident desire to keep within the limits of his demonstration. Every theologian knows that "*probable*," taken in its common English sense as synonymous with "*likely*," is no more a true translation of "*probabile*" than "*scandal*" is of "*scandalum*," or "*apology*" of "*apologia*."

6. *The Bells of the Sanctuary: Mary Benedicta, Agnes, Aline, One of God's Heroines, Monseigneur Darboy.* By Kathleen O'Meara (Grace Ramsay). London: Burns and Oates, 1879.—We have here five beautiful little sketches of holy life and holier death, written with a warmth of sympathy for true Catholic heroism which we can only hope many prove contagious. The last sketch has more than a personal interest, and in particular Mgr. Darboy's informal vindication of himself from the unjust suspicion of anti-Infallibilism, so widely circulated by busy tongues before his martyrdom shamed them into silence, is a contribution to history, for his words were committed to writing almost as they fell from his lips. Mary Benedicta was one of many gained to the higher life by Father Faber's *All for Jesus*.

7. *La Saint-Barthélemy et les Premières Guerres de Religion en France, Leur Caractère, Leurs Causes, Leurs Auteurs.* Par M. l'Abbé Lefortier. Paris: Victor Palmé; Bruxelles: J. Albanel, 1879.—M. l'Abbé Lefortier's monograph, which appears now in a second edition, "revised and enlarged," and presents to us the mature conclusions formed after a careful and dispassionate endeavour to arrive at the true history of the times of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, demands a more detailed examination than is possible in our present number. We reserve it for fuller discussion.



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